

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. BENVENUTO CELLINI,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	323
II. VISITED ON THE CHILDREN. Part VIII.,	<i>All The Year Round</i> ,	344
III. FOLK LULLABIES,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	354
IV. THE FRERES. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't,"	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	361
V. PREHISTORIC SCIENCE EN FETE,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	370
VI. THE ANTS AS FARMERS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	373
VII. SUICIDAL MANIA,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	376
VIII. GEORGE ELIOT'S EARLY LIFE,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ,	381
IX. AN APOSTLE OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ,	383

POETRY.

GEIST'S GRAVE,	322	"THE SHADOWED MAGIC-LANTERN PICTURES SHONE,"	322
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GEIST'S GRAVE.

FOUR years! — and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,*
The sense of tears in mortal things;

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould, —
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four! — and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart —
Would fix our favorite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart,
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse:
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

* *Sunt lacrimæ rerum!*

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that — thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travellers on the Portsmouth road —
There choose we thee, O guardian dear,
Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode!

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say: —

*People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachs-hound, Geist, their little friend.*

Fortnightly Review. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[“I threw magic-lantern portraits of different persons
on the top of one another, on the same screen, and
elicited a resultant face which resembled no one of
the components in particular, but included all.” —
F. GALTON, “Mental Imagery,” *Fortnightly Re-
view*, September, 1880.]

THE shadowed magic-lantern pictures shone,
Shed each successively upon the wall;
Nor were the former shapes withdrawn at all:
Each face — each picture was a face — was
thrown

So that its features on the last did fall;
When lo! a single face appeared alone,
The blended characters and tints had grown
Together into one, the coronal
And perfect type of all and every one.
And so, methinks, when life is but begun,
We, careless, cast old memories aside;
Later, we part more sadly with the past;
Yet these dead selves, which we would lose or
hide,
Shall blend, and shape the perfect man at 'st.
Spectator. M. W. ..

From Blackwood's Magazine.
BENVENUTO CELLINI.

"ALL men of every class, who have done something creditable, ought, being trustworthy and honest men, to write their lives with their own hand," says the great artist and extraordinary personage whose name stands at the head of this page. No words more fit could be found with which to begin the discussion of a class of books which, if not altogether so valuable as Ser Benvenuto considers them, have supplied many excellent and more amusing pages to general history. If his advice had been largely followed, it would scarcely be hyperbole to say that the world would not contain the volumes that might have been written — so that we may conclude ourselves fortunate that the impulse only comes to one now and then; yet we have no doubt it comes to a great many who never get the length of autobiography. When old age arrives gently and pleasantly, — when the man who has lived an active and important life finds himself, without much pain, and with many consolations of comfort, and honor, and observance, put aside from it, and left with a long and wealthy past behind him, and a somewhat impoverished present thinly filling its place, — it is a very natural impulse which bids him find amusement and companionship for his old age in making the great public his confidant, and telling his own story to the vague crowds whom he will never see, but in whom imagination represents to him many an unknown friend and sympathetic soul. Whatever there may be of humiliation in the sense that he has found himself, or, still worse, that others have found him, no longer fit for the charge he has so long held, is softened by the consciousness that he can leave behind a record of many things worth knowing, clear up, perhaps, some historical mysteries of his period, and keep the incidents of his own life alive among men. An old statesman in his dignified retirement, an old priest in the quiet of his parsonage or his cell, an old author whose inventions are over, and who finds his experiences more interesting to himself than any effort of romance — the spectator feels that nothing

could be more appropriate than this occupation of the halcyon years which every laboring man seems to have a right to before the end. We follow the calm days of their retired leisure with a pleasant sense of fitness. It is seemly and natural that they should discourse to us seated in the easy-chair of old age, which is a natural throne and pulpit; and the old man's narrative of his youth has a tender interest, a suppressed and gentle pathos, which goes to our hearts. But it is only a few who have this blessed and beautiful old age. The majority of men carry their cares with them to the very brink of the grave, and only get rid of their burden when the shoulders fail under it: indeed the majority of men do not live to old age at all, and so have neither the means nor its seclusion and calm. Sometimes — the opportunity of giving us the benefit of the will and all surrounding circumstances being in favor of the intended revelation — it is postponed too long, till the hand falls powerless and the memory is insufficient to the task. Sometimes just enough is accomplished to make us feel the excellence of the method, when the pen drops from the feeble fingers, and has to be taken up by somebody who knows the subject only as others know it, from outside, seeing the mountains like molehills, and upsetting the perspective of events. But yet we have a sufficiently large list of completed and finished efforts to show their value; and it is an instructive and somewhat sad pleasure for the student of human nature to watch those shadows as they appear before him, each anxious to give the best account of itself, some in serene human unconsciousness thrusting their own little tale of events between him and the history of the world, finding their infant or their apple-tree of more importance than the convulsions of nations. Still even an apple-tree, the wonderful crop upon which so excites its owner as to confuse his apprehension of the importance of the greatest public event, is of use in its way as revealing that undercurrent of peaceable life which streams serenely on, whatever storms may convulse the air, and which is the real secret of national continuance. So long as that

goes on unaffected, the heart of a country is safe though its throne should be upset a hundred times. Thus the narrowest domestic record widens our experience of human nature, which, of all things involved, changes least from one generation to another; and the spectacle of its insensibility to the great catastrophes and revolutions going on around, its calm perseverance in its own way though the pillars of the earth should be shaken, is as interesting and instructive as any other part of the perennial drama. To see how little agitated is the race even when it is agitated most, to listen to a soft little love-strain singing itself to all the gentle echoes under the very horrors and fierce excitements of the French Revolution, and to know that the least misadventure of his son Tom was more important to a village chronicler than the tragic exit of "the martyr Charles" or the coming of "the hero William," are curious revelations; but they fill up—better even than those narratives of the back stairs and records of all the underplots that influence a great event, to which the world is so much addicted—the full and catholic story of human life. Thus, whether it is the exciting recollections of one who has been involved in imperial events, and holds the clue of historical secrets, or the calm narrative of the rustic, over whose head these events have passed without ever disturbing his honest rest, every personal experience adds to our knowledge. Manners and customs alter, governments are turned upside down, laws are modified or overthrown, but man remains the same from age to age. And there is no better way of recognizing ourselves as brothers across the continents and centuries than by those individual chronicles which carry the chain of kindred feeling from one generation to another without any material change.

When we begin our series with such a bizarre figure as that of Benvenuto Cellini, we strain this link of human resemblance almost as far as it can be strained—for to tell the truth, there are not many like him, either in the stormy self-sufficiency of his nature, or the undaunted

frankness of his self-revelation. In both these points he is as remarkable as in his genius, which is saying much—for he was an admirable artist, inexhaustible in fancy, and full of the truest instinct, as well as the most swaggering of gallants, the fiercest of swordsmen, the most choleric of egotists. Involuntarily as we rush through his stormy narrative, another figure comes and stands beside us, suggested by the contrast,—the neat and trim figure, in periwig and ruffles, of our English model of secret biography, the demure and cunning, yet sagacious and genial Pepys. Nothing can be more unlike the complaisant murmuring of his own peccadilloes to his own bosom, of that most graphic and subtle commentator, his half-amused yet half-remorseful confessions, all under strictest lock and key, than the dashing strut and brag of the Florentine, whose passions, both of violence and love, are set before us without a thought of apology or any consciousness of offence, and who professedly intends for the public eye the astounding record of a life spent in brawls and turmoils, in which his hand was against every man, and his own capricious liking the sole rule of his conduct. It is the air of reality about both men which brings them together in our fancy,—Pepys, with his leer of demure hypocrisy outside, and unabashed self-knowledge within; and Benvenuto, with his unbounded vanity, his hot temper, his brag and bluster, as true to the fashion of the fierce citizen-artist of the Middle Ages in turbulent Italy, as the other is to that of the judicious and wary official standing between a licentious court and a still partially Puritanical public, and doing his best to serve God and Mammon, with a half-humorous consciousness of the difficulties of that undertaking. Both men are perfectly frank; to both, their own interests and pleasures are supreme; and both have a sense of what is best, in their own way at least,—Pepys being invariably honest, and a supporter of honesty, in the most corrupt of ages; while all Benvenuto's virulence of temper and sense of personal superiority never blind him to excellence in art. But we need not follow a comparison which is not

so much a comparison as a contrast. For while Pepys speaks under his breath, with traditional finger on his lip, with an alarmed enjoyment of his own candor, yet mischievous delight in the thought that it can never be profitable to anybody else, Benvenuto's determination is to proclaim everything, so that even the deaf may hear, and nobody suppose that he is not ready to stand to any one of his actions. Not a word that is *sotto voce* comes from his hasty lips; his artifices are as frankly set forth as his amours, and his murders are accomplished in an open-handed and matter-of-course way, with which conscience evidently has nothing to do. He neither considers himself blamable, nor expects to be so considered by others, on account of a rival stabbed or a light love superseded. These are the customs of his time, with which no code of morals has anything to do. What he gives us is a record, not a justification, far less an apology, for conduct in which there is nothing to be ashamed of so far as he is aware, but rather a great deal to applaud, since his always prompt and ready action proves him a man who never loses an opportunity, never spares an opponent, or relinquishes a pleasure.

The picture of his time which he sets before us is of the most animated description. It is full of kings and emperors, and reigning dukes and princes — even the pope himself in all his impious grandeur, with his train of sons and parasites, sweeping by times across the scene; and in the busy streets a swarm of lesser men — painters, goldsmiths, artificers of every kind, even the carpenter singing at his work; but in the front of all, and making even popes and emperors subordinate to his restless, daring personality, this same Benvenuto, the greatest genius in his way, the readiest hand, the keenest tongue, —

Most forward still
In every deed or good or ill, —

fearing neither cardinal nor bravo. Nothing is extenuate in the bold record. He is ready to answer Pope Paul himself, and to rate the great Francis, and to tell the Medici that they know nothing of art;

while, on the other hand, he is as willing to work the guns of St. Angelo as to manage the fine tools of the goldsmith, has his hand on his sword at every suspicion of offence, and finds his natural place in every commotion, public or private. How he contrived during this storm of existence to execute so much fine, delicate, and elaborate work, is a problem most difficult to solve. His art is precisely that which we should imagine to have most urgently demanded unbounded quiet, protection, and peace; but he never rested, quarrelled with every patron he ever had, found rivals and enemies wherever he went, and made them where he had them not, — yet all the while went on elaborating the finest and minutest work, doubling the value of the precious metals in which he worked, making of a salt-cellar a prize for which princes contended; though all the while flinging out and in of these same princes' audience chambers, too touchy to be censured, too hasty to be guided — a very tempest of a man. This combination of endless industry with perpetual interruptions seems the test of the capacity of the mediæval artist. Perhaps in strict point of date we are wrong in applying this title to the favorite workman of the advanced Renaissance; but Benvenuto, though he had the advantage of classic models and the new spirit, is in himself as much a man of the Middle Ages as if he had lived two centuries earlier. And though dukes were necessary to his trade, and luxury the very breath of his artist being, yet wherever he went — in the pope's chapel or in the French king's gay and splendid court — he was always the same high-handed Florentine, arrogant and dauntless, who might have headed a tumult in the days of the Bianchi and Neri, or brawled in a Parlamento, or schemed and struggled with the *fuorusciti*. We cannot say that the character is an amiable or even an upright one, but its force and picturesque tumultuous energy are not to be gainsaid.

And this rapidity and precipitate force of life are all the more remarkable that Benvenuto wrote not in the fire of his youth, but when years had whitened his head if not subdued his spirit. He him

self lays it down as a rule that those who follow his advice as to writing their own lives should not take up "this fine enterprise" till they have passed the age of forty. He himself was "approaching fifty-eight," when, "being in Florence, my native place, and contemplating the contrarieties that happen to all," at a moment when he felt himself more free from those contrarieties than he had ever been before, and blessed with more "content of mind and vigor of body" than he had ever known, he set about the composition of his memoirs. But it is evident that he was one of those who never grow old; and the narrative of his declining years is still hot and hasty, with all the force of youth.

The beginning of the story is very characteristic. "Although," he says, "such men as have by their endeavors given assurance of the valor that is in them, ought to be satisfied with being generally known and recognized as men of merit, yet we ought at the same time to do as others do; and as the curiosity of the world directs itself to certain points, the first of which is to know whether we derive our blood from persons of ancient and virtuous descent, I am Benvenuto Cellini, son of Giovanni, of Andrea, of Cristofano Cellini"—and so forth through many generations. Whether we are intended to conclude that the Roman officer Florentius of Cellino, after whom, he declares, Julius Cæsar named the city of Florence, was a direct ancestor, is not quite apparent; but as this hero is brought into the story without rhyme or reason, it may be permitted to us to believe that this is the purpose of his introduction. Enough, however, for all reasonable uses are the three generations of immediate progenitors, who are more easily identified. Cristofano, the first of these, was sent to Florence by his family from the Val d'Ambrà, in consequence of a quarrel between him and the son of a neighboring house, which threatened to involve both families. The blood of Cellini thus came hot to Florence, with all the choleric quality which descended to Cristofano's great-grandson. Giovanni, the father of Benvenuto, seems to have been of milder mould. He was a great musician, a good artist, and a disinterested lover, as the following pretty story proves. Next door to the Cellini in Via Chiara, *vicino a muro*, wall to wall, lived a certain Stefano Granacci, with many fair daughters, and among them one, Elisabetta by name, who took young

Giovanni's heart. When the youth's sentiments became known, "as the two fathers, from their close neighborhood, know each other well, it was easy to, conclude the alliance;" but first there was a conversation about the *dot*—that most necessary preliminary. Ser Andrea, on the one side, boasted of his son that he was the best youth in all Florence—may, in Italy—and worthy of the best-dowered bride; to which Ser Stefano replied, with amiable yet slightly sarcastic acquiescence, "Thou art right a thousand times; but I have five girls, and many sons besides; and, reckoning all things, this and that is as far as I can go." Young Giovanni, with the impatience of a lover, had been listening unseen; and, mild as he was for a Cellini, he was not without something of the family vivacity. He sprang out of his hiding-place while the old men talked, and broke in upon their negotiations. "Oh, my father," he cried, "it is the girl I love and long for, and not their money. Woe to him who would make himself with his wife's fortune! If it is true, as you have boasted, that I am good for something, cannot I provide for my wife and satisfy her needs with less money than you ask? I give you to wit that it is the girl that is my desire, and the money yours." At this Andrea, who was "a little odd," *un po' bizzarretto*, like the rest of them, drew back in high dudgeon. "But a few days after, Giovanni brought home his bride, and asked no fortune with her." This way of making a marriage was no doubt deeply ridiculous, not to say wicked, to the two keen old Florentines, whom one can see in their doorways in the cool of the evening, settling down to a comfortable struggle over the settlements, so to speak, when the hot-headed youngster broke in with his folly, thinking of nothing but Elisabetta. Ser Andrea, the *bizzarretto*, choleric like his race, flings off in a fury; but Stefano, more wise, seeing his own advantage, laughs in his sleeve, and lets the young couple have their way. With five girls to provide for, he was no doubt well pleased to marry one without a *dot*; and thus a world of warm human passion, generous love, and hot temper, and wary calculation comes out before us at a word.

In an equally pretty scene the name of the great Benvenuto is accounted for. Madonna Elisabetta had no children for eighteen years, though very desirous of that doubtful blessing. After that time they came in quick succession. Her eldest child was a girl, and by various

signs she had made up her mind that the second would be a girl too. The very name was decided upon. She was to be Reparata, *per rifare la madre di mia madre*. The nurse, however,

who knew that they looked for a girl, when she had washed the *creatura* and wrapped it in beautiful white clothes, came softly (*cheta cheta*) to Giovanni, my father, and said, "I bring a beautiful present which you don't expect." My father, who was a true philosopher, was pacing about the room; he said, "Whatever God sends me is always dear to me," and, opening the coverings, saw the unexpected boy; then, joining his palms, he raised them and his eyes to God, and said, "Lord, I thank thee with all my heart. This one is very dear to me, and very welcome (*E sia il Benvenuto*)." All who were present joyfully asked him what name he would give me. Giovanni made them no answer but this, "*E sia il Benvenuto*;" and this accordingly was the name given me in holy baptism, and which I have lived to bear with the grace of God.

Benvenuto does not dwell much upon his childhood; but one incident of it is often quoted. "When I was about five," he says, "my father was in a little room where the great wash had been going on, and where there was a good fire of oak wood. Giovanni, with a violin on his arm, was playing and singing, according to his custom, beside the fire. It was very cold, and looking at the fire he saw by accident in the midst of the hottest glow a little animal like a lizard playing in the flames. As soon as he perceived what it was, he called my sister and me, and showing it to us children, gave me a great cuff, at which I immediately began to cry. He soothed me gently, saying to me, 'My dear little son, I have done this not for a punishment, but to make thee remember that this lizard thou hast seen in the fire is a salamander, which has never been seen by any one before, so far as can be known with certainty;' and saying this, he kissed me and gave me a few pennies." This wonderful story is not supported by any further testimony, and must be taken on Benvenuto's word.

The excellent father, who thus lost no opportunity of instructing his child, was not only excellent in architecture, which was his hereditary profession, but also a great musician and maker of musical instruments. "My father made organs with wonderful pipes of wood, and cymbals, the best and most beautiful that had ever been seen, violins, lutes, and beautiful harps." It was not wonderful, then, that he should have set his heart upon

making a musician of his boy — who was taught to play the flute and to sing from his earliest years, though much against the urchin's will. Giovanni himself became one of the band of the Signoria, until he was withdrawn from it by his patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, who thought he gave too much of his time to this art, and neglected his other gifts. "The greatest desire he had in the world concerning me," says Benvenuto, "was that I should become a great musician, and the greatest annoyance that I had was when he talked to me on this subject, saying that if I would, I had so much talent for it, I should be the first man in the world." Then follows a curious little scene, in which old Florence once more opens before us. Great things were going on then, of which the son of the architect-musician gives no sign. Savonarola from San Marco was keeping the city in holy subjection, *quando Piero ne fu cacciato*, at the time when Piero, the son of Lorenzo de' Medici, was driven out of Florence. The great Dominican might but just have gone out of the hall in the palace of the Signoria when Giovanni, with his little boy on his shoulder, went in with the band, to play before the new dignitaries who had succeeded Piero. The Medici ruler had been succeeded by the Magnifico Piero Soderini, "who knew the marvellous genius of my father." Benvenuto says:—

At this time I was of tender years, and my father carried me in on his shoulder, and made me play the flute and take soprano parts with the musicians of the palace, before the Signoria, with a little badge round my neck. The Gonfaloniere, who was the said Soderini, took great pleasure in hearing me chatter, and gave me sweetmeats, and said to my father, "Messer Giovanni, teach him your other beautiful arts as well as music." To which my father replied, "I do not wish him to do anything but play and compose music; for in that profession I believe I can make him the first in the world, if God spares him." To these words one of the old Signori replied, "Ah, Messer Giovanni, do what the Gonfaloniere bids you. Why should he never be anything better than a fiddler?" . . . When these words were told to me, I entreated my father to allow me to draw so many hours a day, and all the rest I would play to satisfy him. "Then playing is no pleasure to thee?" he said. To which I answered no, since it appeared to me a vile art in comparison with that which I had in my head. My good father, in despair, put me into the shop of the father of the Cavaliere Bandinello, a goldsmith in Pinzi di Monte; . . . but when I had been there a few days, he

took me away again, not being able to live without me. And so, very discontented, I went on with my music till I was fifteen.

This shows, oddly enough, that in the very country of music, from whence all our earliest traditions on the subject come, to be a good fiddler was not considered a very high aim for a young man's ambition. In those days the active citizenship of all, and the impulse of creation in art which was so richly and largely diffused throughout Italy, made the ideal of existence itself more manly; and the musician was necessarily an appendage of a court, a part of the pomp of state, which the stern republic hated. There was no place for him save in the luxurious court of a Medici, or amid the vicious and elegant society of the princes of the Church. The Florentine Magnificos were as intolerant of such a profession for a likely lad as any old woman in a Scotch village, to whom the blind fiddler is the highest representative of the art.

Benvenuto was saved from this fate in consequence of his father's loss, by misadventure, of his place in the band; but the struggle was long between the wishes of the father and son. He made such progress in the art he loved, however, when permitted to work at it, that "in a few months" he had taken his place among the best of the young workmen, and began to earn something by his labor. "But I did not fail on this account to please my good father, playing the flute or cornet to him; and every time he heard me he shed tears and sighed deeply." Youth came rapidly to maturity in those stirring days, under the high pressure of a life so exciting and full of incident as that which was compressed within those narrow streets, where from time to time the old *vacca* lowed—that is to say, the big bell rang from the tower of Palazzo Vecchio—and every man and boy with a sword within reach, from all the workshops and busy hives of industry, grasped at the ready weapon, and rushed out to see what bloodshed was to be done, what government upset, between two strokes of the brush or blows of the chisel. Here is an instance of the precocity of these fierce little Florentines.

My brother, younger than myself by two years, a very bold and hot-headed boy (who was then about fourteen, and I two years older), one Sunday, between the Porta San Gallo and the Porta Pinti, got into a quarrel with a youth of twenty, sword in hand, and pressed him so closely that he gave him a

severe wound, and was proceeding further;* but a great crowd had gathered, among which were many friends of his antagonist, who, when they saw things going badly for their friend, began to throw stones, one of which struck my poor young brother on the head, so that he fell down as if dead. I, who happened to be present, though without either friends or arms, called out to my brother to withdraw, as he had done enough. As soon as he fell down, I rushed to him, and, seizing his sword, placed myself in front of him, against many swords and stones lifted against me—nor ever left my brother till some brave soldiers came from the Porta San Gallo and saved me from the crowd, wondering much to find such courage in one so young. I then took my brother home for dead: and it was no easy matter to bring him to himself. When he was cured, the Eight, who had already sentenced our adversaries to years of imprisonment, banished us for six months outside the circuit of ten miles from Florence. I said to my brother, "Come with me:" and thus we took leave of our poor father, who, instead of giving us money, which he did not possess, gave us his blessing.

This was an early beginning of the "sturt and strife" in which the young artisan spent his days. Cecchino, the fierce little exile of fourteen, who had all but finished his adversary, was afterwards a soldier under the famous Giovanni dalle Bande Neri, whose statue now stands on the Lung' Arno, with the most magnificent of inscriptions, for all the world to see. Poor Giovanni Cellini was no more successful with his second son than with Benvenuto. He intended Cecchino to be a man of learning and a lawyer; but the young swordsman would hear of no profession but that of arms. He was killed finally in another street fray in Rome.

In the mean time our young goldsmith, sixteen, but already one of the *migliori giovani dell' arte*, easily found occupation in Siena, whither he fled when this first check in his career took place. He lived and worked there, residing in the house of his kind master, for several months, his brother living with him. "But," says Benvenuto, "though he had begun to study Latin, he was still so young that he had not yet tasted the sweetness of virtue, and did nothing but wander about amusing himself." They were finally restored to their home by the intercession of Cardinal de' Medici, afterwards Pope Clement. The Cellini were of the Medicean faction, and always fitfully patronized by the members of that house. But

* The quiet simplicity of this expression, "*seguiva più oltre*," is very suggestive.

our fiery youth was soon on the road again. Some time after this, Cecchino, being a handsome fellow, and the pet of the household, came home on a visit, when his elder brother was absent, and apparently coaxed his sisters (though they were *buone ed oneste*) to give him some new and fine clothes, a coat and cloak, which belonged to Benvenuto. When the elder returned and found his fine clothes gone, he was very angry, and not much mollified by his father's mild philosophy on the subject, and pious reminder that God himself had bidden those who have to give to those who have not; and in a blaze of wrath he took all the clothes and money that remained to him—the *povero resto*—and left his father's house, not knowing whither he was going. This time, however, he went no farther than Pisa, where he found another kind master, and plenty of work, and where he got rid altogether of the music which was such a burden to him. When at last he let his father know where he was, poor Giovanni—gentle, futile personage—wrote entreating him to come home; but in the mean time reminded him of his flute, and begged him not to forget an art which had been taught him with so much pains. “At this all desire to return home left my mind,” says Benvenuto, “so much I detested that wretched music; and I seemed to be in paradise for all that year in Pisa, where I never touched an instrument.” But he could not convince his father of this rooted dislike. When he went home at last, he was seized with an illness, during which he was most tenderly cared for by his family, but not without ulterior motives: “My father, with great love and kindness, nursed and cured me, telling me continually that it seemed a thousand years to him till I should be well, that he might hear me play.” Nothing overcame the persistence of this excellent fanatic, whose weak and tearful obstinacy has a comic side to it, besides furnishing a “lesson to fathers” which many would do well to note.

While he talked to me of playing [Benvenuto continues] holding his finger on my pulse—for he had some knowledge of medicine and of Latin—he felt so great an irregularity in the said pulse whenever he spoke of music, that he was frightened, and left me weeping. When I saw how unhappy he was, I told one of my sisters to fetch me a flute, which, as it was the least fatiguing instrument, I could play without much disturbance; and this I did with such excellent adjustment of the hands and voice, that my father, coming in suddenly, gave

me many blessings, telling me that in the time of my absence from him I had made great progress, and entreated me to carry it on, and not to lose so fine a talent.

The end of this struggle, however, was that Benvenuto, when he grew a man, began also to find a charm in music, and consented to play in the pope's band, and even to accept a regular place in it, to the great contentment of his father; so that Giovanni got a little satisfaction in his favorite fancy at the last.

Benvenuto was now at the age when every new suggestion moved him. At one time he was about to set out for England with Torrigiani, the big bully who broke Michelangelo's nose; until the braggard chose to tell the story of that assault, when Benvenuto turned from him with generous indignation and disgust. “These words raised such horror in me—for I had constantly in my sight the works of the divine Michelangelo—that not only I gave up all thought of going to England with him, but I could not endure the sight of him.” At another time a quarrel about the everlasting flute set the youth off in hot haste upon his travels in company with a wood-carver called Tasso, who had quarrelled with his mother on some equally important subject. Parents must have been kept in good subjection in Florence in those days. On this occasion Benvenuto went to Rome, where he worked admirably as usual, and as usual became the subject of a quarrel between two of his masters for his invaluable services. He returned to Florence in two years, a full-grown man, and as touchy and hot-headed a person as ever trod the pavements of that stormful city; and being now able to work for himself, and to invent some charming novelties of ornament which had not occurred to his old masters and teachers, he raised a great deal of envy and opposition in the trade, and among his rival workmen. Benvenuto, on his side, was as ready with his tongue as with his sword; and once more the old city, with its narrow streets, its intense and continual rivalries, its feuds and deadly quarrels between houses facing each other, and enemies seen every day and hour, appears to us like a picture. “I shook myself free of them all, and considered them no better than thieves and wretches,” says the young goldsmith; and with these laudable sentiments in his mind, it was not long before he got into an open quarrel. His enemies threatened to make him repent his bold words; and he, who

"did not know what color fear was," scorned their menaces.

One day I was leaning against the shop of one of them, when he called to me, and began to reproach and defy me, — to whom I answered, that if they had behaved as they ought to me, I should have called them honest men; but as the contrary had been the case, they should blame themselves, and not me. While I stood talking, one of them, called Gherardo Guasconti, their cousin, probably by consent with them, seeing an ass coming along the streets laden with bricks, pushed it violently against me, so that it hurt me much. Turning round suddenly upon him, and seeing him laugh, I gave him such a blow on the temple that he fell down like a dead man. Then I turned to his family and cried, "This is how I treat cowardly thieves like you;" and as they seemed inclined to make a disturbance (*fare alcuna dimostrazione*), because they were many, I, flaming up, put my hand on a little knife I wore, saying, "whoever goes out of this shop had better run for a confessor, for a doctor will be unnecessary." They were so alarmed by this, that not one of them stirred to help their kinsman.

These were the very same strait streets, each a narrow thread of way between two rugged piles of Tuscan masonry, where Dante saw the young cavalier turn out his toes from his stirrups as he rode along, to push the passengers against the wall. Benvenuto had no business there: he had come to flout his adversaries, leaning against the front of their shop, and no doubt the clatter of the patient ass's hoofs had been drowned in the noisy wrangle. Nor would any bystander take much notice of Gherardo lying on the stony pavement, knocked down so cleverly, or think it unnatural that the *coltello* should, if need was, be brought into play. Benvenuto was called before the Eight for this little amusement of his midday leisure, and declared that he had only given a *ceffata*, a slap with the open hand, to his opponent: an excuse which called forth an amusing discussion upon certain intricacies of Florentine law, but ended with something like a binding over to keep the peace. Benvenuto, furious, summoned a kinsman to be bail for him, who refused the responsibility: "at which I was indignant, and swelling with rage like an asp, resolved to do something desperate," — "for," says the pious historian, "one's star does not so much incline as force one's fate." He waited in the audience chamber where the Eight had laughed at his rage, until all had gone away to dinner, magistrates and officials, and the parties on the other side, who had

got their securities apparently more easily than he. Then seeing that nobody was watching him, "inflamed with rage," he rushed out of the Palazzo, ran to his shop to get a weapon, and then with a bound was in the house of his enemies.

They were at table, and the young fellow Gherardo, who was at the bottom of the whole matter, got up to meet me; to whom I gave a stab in the breast which pierced his coat and doubled to his linen, without touching his skin or doing him any harm whatever. The jar of my hand and the sound of the cloth pierced by the knife, and his sudden fall prostrated by fear, making me suppose that I had done him great harm, I cried, "Oh, traitors! to-day I shall kill you all." The father, mother, and sisters all thinking the day of judgment had come, threw themselves on their knees, and cried for mercy with all their might; and seeing that nobody made any resistance, and that the young man lay stretched out like one dead, it seemed beneath me to touch them further. I rushed furiously up the stair, and reaching the street, found all the rest of the kindred, more than twelve in number, armed, one with a spade, one with a great bar of iron, others with hammers, anvils, and sticks. I plunged among them like a mad bull, threw four or five of them to the ground, and fell with them, wielding my dagger on every side. Those who remained afoot showered down blows upon me with both hands, with their sticks and hammers; but God being once more pitiful, procured that neither they nor I did any hurt with our blows. My cap remained in their hands, and was taken possession of by some of my adversaries who had fled at first, but who now pierced it with their weapons; and afterwards examining their dead and wounded, found that no one was any the worse.

This violent but harmless encounter is no doubt a good specimen of the tumults that arose at every chance, and which probably for the most part were equally innocent, — not much more serious than a football "scrimmage," though with an accompaniment of dagger and *coltello*, which adds dignity, if it does not greatly increase the danger. Benvenuto, however, rushed away from the scene of the conflict, in the full and happy conviction that he had slain two or three of his enemies, and running against a monk on the way, appealed to him for sanctuary. "This good friar told me to fear nothing; for if I had done the greatest crimes in the world, I should be perfectly safe in his little cell." Thus all that the Eight could do was to vex the soul of poor Giovanni, the father of the young reprobate, who stood up manfully for his son; and to fulminate a sort of anathema against Benvenuto, denouncing pains and

penalties of the severest kind upon whomsoever should give him shelter. That same day he was sent away from Florence, his father and one of his friends conveying to him a sword and a coat of mail. "Oh, my good son," cried his father, after many tears and blessings, "with these in your hands you must live or die." Thus equipped, and covering his mail with a monk's habit, he escaped out of the city, and began in earnest his wild and violent career.

We must not linger upon the earlier portion of Benvenuto's sojourn in Rome — during which he was as usual in hot water with a number of jealous competitors, but petted and made much of by the patrons who contended with each other to get a vase made or a jewel set by the Florentine artist; but who, when it came to the question of payment, were apt to get out of harmony too. The part he played during the siege of Rome is, however, more important than these small matters, of which we hear so much throughout his life. He had already a host of acquaintances, had become one of Pope Clement's musicians, and had been employed by him, and many of the great personages in Rome, in important works of art, when, on one dreadful morning of May, 1527, the Constable of Bourbon, with forty thousand men, appeared suddenly under the walls. The roving Florentine, always in the centre of all that was going on, had already got together a band of fifty young men, "at the time of the Colonnas," in the previous autumn, though of his action then he affords us no details. When, however, the news of this new and more formidable invasion ran through all the *bottegas*, Alessandro del Bene entreated Benvenuto to accompany him to the walls, which he did with one or two companions. There the sight of the "marvellous army" outside, and of the many dead within, startled even those hot-headed youths. The confusion, the terrible odds, the *molti giovani*, young recruits and volunteers who were being sacrificed on the walls, and the hopeless want of means for defence — for Pope Clement, vacillating and uncertain, had disbanded his troops — gave the young men so strong an impression of hopelessness, that their hearts failed them. "There is no remedy in the world," even Benvenuto cried out; "but since you have brought me here," he adds, to Lessandro, *sparvento*, in a panic, who has just turned to go back, — "since you have brought me here, let us do one act of manhood."

"I then aimed with my arquebuse," he says, "at a point where the battle raged hotly, and where there was something in the middle raised over the heads of the rest; but who it was, and whether on horseback or on foot, I was not able to discern. Turning to Lessandro and Cecchino, I made them also fire their muskets; and when we had made two shots, I advanced cautiously behind the wall, and seeing in the distance an extraordinary tumult, discovered that our bullets had killed Bourbon — for he it was who had been raised above the others, as I afterwards understood." After this wonderful stroke the three left the walls, and hurrying through the streets, reached with great difficulty the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo, which they entered in haste, the enemy being already in the town, so close behind them as to be almost "on their shoulders." The portcullis was down, and it was all the little party could do to get within this last citadel of Rome. Here Benvenuto, being in the pope's service, was immediately laid hands upon and set to work; and as long as the siege lasted — a whole month — remained one of the most vigorous defenders of the stronghold. A more striking picture than that he gives us could scarcely be. From the heights on which he now stood, all Rome lay under the eyes of the defenders, with Bourbon's mercenaries pouring into the rich and defenceless city.

As soon as I found myself within the walls I approached the nearest guns, which were served by a bombardier called Giuliano, a Florentine. This Giuliano looking out from the battlement saw his poor house sacked, and his wife and children ill-treated. He dared not fire his guns lest he should complete the destruction of those belonging to him, but throwing the match on the ground, with a great cry, tore his hair, as did many others of the gunners. I, who had no such passion to restrain me, seized one of these matches, and with the aid of other bystanders, directing the guns where I saw there was need, cleared off many of the enemy: if I had not done this, the besiegers who entered the city that morning would have pushed on to the castle; and it is possible that they might have made an easy conquest of it, since the artillery did nothing against them. I went on firing; for which many cardinals and lords blessed me, and praised my great courage, which emboldened me still more, and enabled me to do things beyond my strength: suffice it to say that I was the means of saving the castle that morning, and of rousing the other gunners to do their duty. . . . I, who often was more inclined to this profession of arms than to my own, took it up with so much good-will that I

did it better than my own trade. When night fell, and the enemy had entered Rome, we who were in the castle, especially I, who always took delight in seeing anything that was new, stood gazing at this wonderful novelty, and the fires which burned everywhere—things which those in other places could neither see nor imagine.

These fierce lights glowing all over the miserable city, the eager spectators gazing down upon them—few with hearts so disengaged and free to remark upon the *inestimabile novità* as the Florentine stranger who had no home to be outraged in the streets below—with all the smoke and flame and cries of the sufferers rising upwards, and the unhappy gunners afraid to fire at their enemies lest they should complete the ruin of their friends,—what a sight for curious eyes! The defenders shut up in their little stronghold between heaven and earth, unable to aid the helpless crowds, their own families and friends, who were below, compelled to look on at their houses burning, their goods destroyed, and to imagine more miseries still which they could not see, present to us as cruel a glimpse of human anguish as it is possible to imagine. But there was no such anguish in Benvenuto. If he had a regretful thought of his trinkets, or the silver vase he was making for that Spanish bishop, these were not sharp enough to go to his heart; and he flew at the guns with an energy in which there was positive pleasure, and found himself master of the occasion, and was inspired by all the plaudits he received. To have killed the commander of the opposing army by that chance shot from the city walls, to have saved St. Angelo from the first rush of the invaders, by means of that match smouldering on the ground which had fallen from poor Giuliano's convulsed fingers,—what a triumph for the young fellow! Amid all the conflagrations and the miseries, and that hoarse roar of anguish and tumult rising to the skies, here was one man at least whose pulses were dancing with excitement, and curiosity, and pleasure—who felt he was doing this new thing better even than his own business, and was the hero of the moment, besides the gratification of that *inestimabile novità*.

The ordinary dangers of the siege, however, were straightforward, and more easily dealt with than the perils involved in the company of so many powerful personages inside the strict enclosure of the castle walls. Various cardinals, in their red *berrettas*, would come and talk to

Benvenuto, affording an excellent mark to the besiegers, until he had to complain of them, and get them confined to another part of the stronghold, thereby earning their ill-will afterwards. On another occasion he seems to have been fairly frightened by the threat of private vengeance. One of the captains of the fortress, Orazio Baglioni, pointed out to him a great commotion below in a tavern bearing the sign of the Sun, where apparently some persons of importance were collected, and suggested that he should direct his gun to that spot. Benvenuto explained that he should already have done so, but that a barrelful of stones stood so near the mouth of the cannon, that the discharge would inevitably throw it down upon the heads of the people in the lower line of the defence. The captain, impatient, called out to him to lose no time—if the pope himself were below, *manco male*, the less harm—"Fire! fire!" he cried. Benvenuto fired accordingly, doing great damage at the sign of the Sun; but upsetting the stones, according to his own prevision, nearly on the heads of Cardinal Farnese and Jacopo Salviati—the latter being the man who had persuaded Pope Clement to disband his army, and was considered by all to be the cause of their present danger. These worthies were quarrelling furiously—threatening each other with word and fist; and it was the agility of their rage which saved them from destruction. The captain, however, frightened for the consequences to himself, rushed down from the height of the great round donjon to the lower circle to see what harm was done; while Benvenuto, cautiously peeping from behind the wall, heard the bystanders exclaiming that the gunner who had done this should be made an end of. Now Benvenuto was always warmly aware that though there might be little harm done by crushing a pope, the life of the great Cellini was a thing which the world could not spare: he took his measures of self-defence without a moment's delay.

I turned two of the small guns towards the stair with a resolute mind, determined to fire upon the first comers. Certain servants of Cardinal Farnese, sent by their master to punish me, were the first to appear, and I, advancing with the lighted match in my hand, called out to some of them whom I knew—"O rascals, if you do not take yourselves out of that, if you attempt to come up by these steps, I have here two falconets ready, and I will blow you to powder. Go and tell the cardinal that I acted under orders,—that I meant

no harm to the priests, but to defend them." They disappeared, and Signor Orazio [he who had given Benvenuto the order to fire] came running up. When I called to him to stand back or I would fire upon him, though I knew very well who he was, he stopped short, not without alarm, calling out, "Benvenuto, I am thy friend." To whom I replied, "Signor, come by yourself, and you may come as you please." This gentleman, however, was extremely proud, and without advancing, said angrily, "I have a great mind not to come at all, and to change my mind altogether about you." To this I replied, that as anxious as I was to defend others, so also was I ready to defend myself when necessary. He then said that he came alone; but as he approached me with a changed countenance, I put my hand on my sword and kept a watchful eye upon him. At this he began to laugh, and his color returning, said to me pleasantly, "Benvenuto mio, I wish you nothing but good, and will prove it when I have occasion. Would to God that you had killed those two wretches, one of whom has done so much harm already, and the other may do yet more!" He then begged me not to say that he was with me when I fired, and encouraged me to have no fear of any consequences. This affair made a great noise, and was long remembered. I have no desire to say more about it—enough that I had to revenge my father upon Messer Jacopo Salviata, who had done us a thousand bad turns. At all events, I gave him a great fright. As for the Farnese, I say nothing, since it will be seen hereafter what a good thing it would have been had I killed him.

These last incautious words make it more than probable that Benvenuto was very well aware upon whose heads he was discharging that bucketful of stones. Nor can there be much doubt that Signor Orazio, though he was so anxious to exonerate himself, was not without certain benevolent intentions—he who thought it would be *manco male*, no great harm, if the pope himself were below—towards the *due ribaldi* who were so conveniently assailable within, as well as to the tavern of the Sun, with all its foreign commanders, outside the walls.

This extraordinary break in the artist's career lasted a month, during which it is his delight to record the number of occasions on which he carried slaughter to the besiegers. "There never passed a day," he says, "that I did not kill some of the enemy outside." Once, while the pope was looking on, he directed his gun at a man in rose-color at a great distance, who happened to be one of Clement's special aversions. Though it was so far off from the *rotondo* of St. Angelo to the field in which this gorgeous personage was, that the gunner had no hope of hit-

ting him, he nevertheless made the attempt for love, and by way of passing the time. By an extraordinary chance the shot hit upon the sword which the victim held before him "in a certain Spanish fashion of his," and thus his own weapon cut him through the body "in two pieces." The pope was delighted, as may be supposed, with this miraculous and entertaining blow, and called for the gunner, who knelt down before him and asked pardon for this and all the other homicides he had performed, which Pope Clement gave, liberally adding an absolution for all that might yet happen in the same way in the cause of Holy Church. But our space forbids us to follow the record too closely; nor can the hero himself put everything down. "My drawing, and my fine studies, and my beautiful performance of music, all now," says Benvenuto, "were in the rear of the guns; and if I had to tell every particular of the fine things I did in that infernal cruelty, I should make the world wonder." However, even amid the smoke and fire, there was something else for a skillful artificer and honest Florentine retainer of the Medici to do. One day Benvenuto was sent for to the pope's private apartment; and there, shut up with Clement and a single attendant, he undid out of their settings all the jewels appertaining to the apostolical crown, wrapping each separately in paper, and sewing them into the skirts of the pope's robes and those of his companion: after which Benvenuto carried off the gold to melt it down in order to pay the soldiers with the proceeds. He had to make an impromptu furnace up upon the Angelo battlement where his post was. "While the furnace worked I was continually on the watch how I could do most harm to the enemy"—and as, *poco a poco*, the gold ran liquid into his mould, the fierce artisan launched, as he could, now and then, an old-fashioned javelin at the besiegers. It is evident that throughout this whole bloody and terrible time he was in his element, and enjoyed his fierce vigil up among those clouds of horror and dismay which enveloped Rome.

When, however, the negotiations with the Imperialists were on the eve of completion, his over-energy nearly wrecked them altogether. He could not resist the temptation of firing a farewell salvo into the inn where the Prince of Orange was lying wounded—as he asserts, by Benvenuto's own hand—and thus brought down upon himself the wrath of Cardinal

Orsini, "who would have had me hanged, or otherwise put to death," says Benvenuto, "but the pope took my part." This was about all the thanks he got for his wonderful exertions,—they did not hang him. But we know nothing parallel to the picture he has left us both of himself and his surroundings at this extraordinary moment. The determined rebel, who turned his gun on the steps that led to his battery in his own defence, who was nearly hanged high on that *rotondo* at the end, who all but killed the future pope, and made himself as many enemies within as he slaughtered without—yet all the time was no soldier, but a goldsmith, the most exquisite workman of his day, a court musician, a wandering journeyman in art—is such a figure as the world has never seen since. It may be doubtful whether it were he who shot the Constable of Bourbon and the Prince of Orange, and saved the citadel of Rome; but it is not the least doubtful that there he stands, a wild young pagan Mars and god of battle, with his eyes everywhere and his match in his hand, ready to *dar fuoco* at a moment's notice; or in his little furnace stirring the molten gold with one hand, discharging any missile he can get hold of with the other, fierce and resolute for Holy Church, but little concerned should a chance shot blow up a cardinal, or, *manco male*, the pope himself.

We need not follow his wanderings after this, through Florence and Mantua, till we find him again in Rome. His father, old Giovanni, who had been so anxious to confine his boy to the peaceful art of music, received him safe from the siege, and enriched with "a good quantity of crowns gained in the war," with such a passion of joy that he almost died of it; but hearing that Benvenuto had been appointed captain in the Florentine army, he took fright and sent him off hastily to Mantua, entreating him to have nothing to do with war. This is the last time the anxious father appears in his son's story. When Benvenuto passed through Florence on his way to Rome, he went as usual to the familiar door, where he was met, not by the old man with his fond remonstrances, his terrors and persistent prejudice, but by a *gobba arrabbiata*, a deformed and scolding old woman, who drove him away with abuse; when he was informed by a gentler neighbor that old Giovanni and the elder sister, Cosa, who was an Ursuline nun, and indeed all the family, were dead of the plague—a dismal mediæval incident.

However, the end even of this is less tragical than the beginning. Wandering, sadly enough no doubt, through the streets, Benvenuto found his brother, the hero of his first boyish brawl, who informed him that Liparata, their younger sister, was still living, and married a second time. To her house the brothers accordingly went, and were received with such transports of joy by Liparata, who believed Benvenuto to be dead, that her new husband could scarcely be persuaded he was her brother only. "Having wept a little for our father and sister, for her husband and little boy," says Benvenuto, "orders were given for supper, and all the rest of the evening we talked no more of the dead, but maintained a conversation more suitable for a marriage, and thus gaily and with much pleasure finished our supper." This junction of regret for the past with philosophical acceptance of any good the present may bring, is delightfully Italian and natural. Cecchino, the younger brother, took great pride in making it known that he had found Liparata this new marriage without any absurd delay.

It was at this time that Benvenuto seems to have had most intercourse with Michelangelo, who came to see him while he worked, and inspired him with new life. "He praised my work so much that my eagerness to do well increased beyond measure." He is the divine Michelangelo, the *eccellentissimo*, the *maraviglioso*, to the young artist; and it was no wonder that Benvenuto was excited by his applause. His stay in Florence, however, was short; and he is no sooner in Rome than a great work is put into his hands—no less than the making of a button to fasten the pope's cope, a round ornament, "the third part of a *braccio*," about eight inches in size. Clement, with the taste of a Medici, notwithstanding all that had happened to him, was anxious that this piece of work should be completed quickly, "because I should like myself to enjoy it a little while." This button or brooch was to bear a *Dio Padre* in relief, and to be set with a great diamond and other jewels. "I," cries Benvenuto, "went off like a spindle" on receiving this commission—set all a-whirl, his fancy and mind and his very legs quivering with eagerness to carry him to work.

Through this great undertaking, however, he is plunged instantly into fresh conflicts. Other and more experienced jewellers than he—old favorites with the pope, men far better known than this little whippersnapper of a Florentine, whose

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yeoman's service on the castle walls, they perhaps thought, and a little clanship on the part of the Medicean pope, more than any qualities of his own, had got him the commission — set themselves instantly in his way. One Micheletto or Michelino (who was a great artist in gem-cutting, and a most intelligent jeweller), with Pompeo, a Milanese, who was a great favorite with the pope, and related to one of his attendants, were the leaders of the plot against him. They besieged the ante-chambers, as the Imperialists, a little while before, had besieged St. Angelo, urging their own superior competence to undertake this great work, and the feebleness of Benvenuto. Pope Clement, knowing his man, was not to be dissuaded from his choice; but the others managed to introduce themselves and their designs when he came with his wax model to show to the pope. Benvenuto stood aside with malicious satisfaction while they all showed their drawings, knowing that an artist without practical experience in the art of setting jewels would not have any success in it, any more than a jeweller, however clever, with an imperfect knowledge of the art of design. The pope, who was of *bonissimo ingegno* in these matters — a Medici, no need to say more — cast them contemptuously away after looking over a few of them, and called to the mischievous Florentine, laughing in his sleeve in the corner, "Let us look a little at thy model, Benvenuto." Needless to say that when Benvenuto opened his little box, "a splendor seemed to come out of it which lighted up the eyes of the pope," and he cried out loudly, "If I had done it myself, it could not have been more exactly what I wanted." Then he called all the courtiers about him to admire it, and to compare it with the other designs, — critics who, as may be imagined, agreed with his Holiness in anything he chose to say; while Benvenuto, swelling more and more with gratified pride and artist enthusiasm, promised that in the gold it should be ten times better than in the wax. At this the courtiers ventured to cry out, with flattering sarcasm, that the young man promised too much; but one of them, "a great philosopher," with grave Italian humor, took Benvenuto's part. "The fine physiognomy and bodily symmetry of this youth make me believe that he will do all he says, and even more," said this courtly spectator. Benvenuto was too vain and too simple by far to divine the smile that would flash from eye to eye, but took it all with the profoundest serious-

ness, and a happy sense that he was a handsome fellow as well as the greatest artist (almost) of his day. He is a little weak in his spelling, and says *finusumia* instead of *fisonomia*. But very likely the noble humorist would have done the same; and thus the plot of the rival *orefice* came for the moment to an end.

This, however, was only for the moment. In the mean time the pope caressed him greatly, and intrusted several other great commissions to his hands. He commissioned him to make a chalice, the most splendid ever thought of, employed him on his coins, and gave him an appointment as master of the mint, with a salary of six gold crowns a month. When it unfortunately happened to him that he was obliged to kill the musketeer who had killed his brother, our roystering friend Cecchino, in a street brawl — a necessity which pressed so hardly upon him that "it took away my sleep and my appetite, and threw me into evil ways," until the vengeance was accomplished — Pope Clement saved him from all risk of punishment, throwing over him the shield of his patronage. Benvenuto, however, was bound to get into hot water somehow with all his employers; and some petulance of his about the great chalice which he was commanded to make, and which he could not finish or produce when called for, brought Pompeo, his enemy, once more upon the field. This scheme, who was against the Florentine on national grounds as well as by the proverbial envy of "two of a trade," persuaded the pope to take Benvenuto's office from him, and then to insist upon seeing the chalice, finished or unfinished. So serious did the matter grow, that the artist was taken into custody, and all sorts of penalties were threatened. No less a person than the governor of Rome, in whose custody he was, went to the pope to ascertain his final fate, leaving Benvenuto, irritated yet alarmed, "walking about in the hall" to await their return, upon which ensued the following curious scene.

As soon as the governor appeared with the procurator, he called me to him, and said, "Benvenuto, I am sorry to come back with such a commission as I have received: either you must produce your work at once, or it will be worse for you." Then I answered, "that having never supposed up to that moment that a Vicar of Christ could do an injustice, I would not believe it till I saw it; but that now he (the governor) must act according to his orders." Then the governor replied: "I have two other words to say to thee on the part of

the pope, after which I will execute my orders. The pope bids you bring me the work, and that I should see it packed in a box and sealed up, and then carry it to him, he promising on his faith not to break a single seal, and to send it back to you at once; but this he insists upon, that, on his side, he may also maintain his honor." To these words I replied, laughing, that I would willingly intrust him with my work in this way, for I wanted to be able to say what sort of thing the faith of a pope was; then sending for my work, I sealed it up as he directed, and gave it to him. The governor took the box, and delivered it over to his Holiness, who turned it round and round in his hands, and asked the governor if he had seen it. The governor replied yes, that it had been sealed up in his presence, and added that it appeared to him an admirable work. On which the pope said, "Tell Benvenuto that popes have power to loose and to bind many greater things than this;" and while he spoke these words, with little ceremony he opened the box, tearing off the cord and the seal that bound it; after which he looked at it carefully, and showed it to everybody about him. . . . Then turning to the governor, he said, "See if Benvenuto will give it to us; for if he will give it as it is, it shall be paid for according to the estimate of worthy men; or if he will really finish it, let him name his time, and if you can make sure that he is actually working on it, you can furnish him with whatever he requires." Then the governor replied, "Holy Father, I know the terrible character of this young man; let me have authority to give him a lecture in my own way." To this the pope replied that he might use what words he pleased, but that if he could make nothing of me, he was to tell me to carry his five hundred *scudi* (which had been given for materials) to Pompeo his jeweller. When the governor came back, he called me into his room, and with the look of a jailor, said, "Popes have authority to loose and bind all the world, and that they do is confirmed in heaven: here is thy work, opened and examined by his Holiness." Then I raised my voice, and cried, "I thank God that now I can say what sort of a thing is the faith of a pope!"

The proud and high-spirited Benvenuto was not, however, to be conquered so easily. As soon as he was allowed to leave his prison, he took the five hundred *scudi* to Pompeo, who, conveying them with malicious satisfaction to the pope, received an unexpected bad reception, and was sent back instantly to apologize to Benvenuto, and entreat him to finish the much-desired chalice for the feast of the Corpus Domini. When Pompeo, most unwillingly, carried this gracious message, he was received with equal harshness by Benvenuto, who sent him back with a haughty reply, requesting that, as his Holiness had many servants,

another messenger might be found for all commissions addressed to him, if the pope took any care for Pompeo's life. The feud thus carried on between the pope and the artist is of the most curious kind; for while Benvenuto defied his Holiness at every turn, he was at the same time secretly working, with the greatest diligence, at his commissions, and specially at a fine medallion portrait in relief; and Clement, on his side, even while moved by gusts of passion against his favorite, always came back to him with renewed affection. The tide ran so high against Benvenuto at one time, that, moved also by some private passions of his own, he made an escapade to Naples, absenting himself for some time from his work and all the intrigues of the court. Our space unfortunately will not permit us to touch upon an extraordinary scene of magic and incantations performed by night in the Colosseum by a necromancer who was a priest,—a scene which Benvenuto swears to, and which was certainly much more imposing and alarming than any feeble "manifestations" of our day. When, however, he returned by another caprice from Naples, he took his medal peaceably to Clement, and was once more received with the utmost kindness, and in greater favor than ever.

Alas! a very short time after this reconciliation Pope Clement died, and Benvenuto's good fortune in Rome came to an end. While he was in the depth of depression for the loss of his patron, Pompeo, his enemy, took every occasion to jeer at and insult him, and on one luckless day swaggered past Benvenuto's shop with a guard of ten armed men, doing everything he could to provoke him. Benvenuto's friends would have had him *metter mano*,—put hand to his sword at once,—being all ready to stand by him; but he reflected that this would bring innocent people into trouble, and refused, declaring that he was man enough to manage his own affairs, and needed no help. When they had left him, a little irritated by this speech, Benvenuto's boiling blood would no longer be still, and he darted out on the traces of his enemy, who had marched with slow defiance along the street, ostentatiously exhibiting himself and his armed defenders, and challenging the opposite faction. When Benvenuto came up to the party,

Pompeo had gone into an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chiavica, on some business of his own: but I was told he was boasting of having braved me, which was very un-

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fortunate for him. As I arrived at the corner he came out of the shop, and his bravos opened their ranks and received him in the midst. I put my hand to a sharp little dagger I had, and forcing my way through the bravos, laid hold of him by the breast with such rapidity and certainty that none of them could interfere. As I pulled him towards me, he turned away his face in his terror, and I struck him below the ear, and then repeating my blow, at the second stroke he fell dead, which was not my intention; but as people say, blows are not bargained for.* I then took my dagger in my left hand, drew my sword with my right for the defence of my life, and thus unmolested (for the bravos all ran to the dead body, and did nothing to stop me), retired by the Strada Julia, meditating where to take refuge.

This little accident, however, blew over for the moment, and no harm came. One cardinal after another stepped in to shelter the bold avenger of his own wrongs. Cornaro of Venice, and Cardinal Medici, upon whom he had the claim of a countryman, quarrelled who should have the care of him; even Pope Paul — that same Farnese whom Benvenuto had all but killed in the time of the siege — not only pardoned the murder of Pompeo, but ordered a safe-conduct to be made out for the security of the murderer. Only the Milanese made any attempt to avenge their countryman; but the pope promptly put them down. "Know," he said, "that men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, cannot be bound by laws like ordinary persons;" for Pope Paul, too, had moneys to coin and fine things to make: a new die for a *scudo*, for instance, the *Vas Electionis*, — and could not spare, for a matter of a murder or two, so valuable a workman. However, by an undercurrent, the pope's son, Pier Luigi Farnese, was made to take up the cause of the dead Pompeo; and Rome soon became a dangerous place for Benvenuto, who rushed off with his usual precipitation, first to Venice, where he amused himself greatly, and afterwards to Florence, where he came across that tragic pair of cousins — Alessandro, the reigning duke of Florence, one of the vilest of young debauchees, and Lorenzo, called Lorenzaccio, the apparent companion of his vices, the unhappy Italian Hamlet who afterwards killed him, and who figures as the hero of Alfred de Musset's fine play. Our artist finally returned to Rome with a safe-conduct from the pope, and was once more employed in various great works — among others, on the cover of a

book to be presented to the emperor Charles V., to whom, on his triumphal entry into Rome, Benvenuto was sent by the pope, and received the most gracious reception. But all these grandeurs and flatteries did not still his enemies, who continued their machinations against him after he had made another expedition, by Florence and Switzerland, as far as Paris, where he saw King Francis; but in his capricious soul he took a distaste to that court, and left it almost immediately. Notwithstanding his safe-conduct and all the promises that lured him back, he was arrested this time when he returned to Rome, and lodged in St. Angelo, in the very *rotondo* which he had so bravely defended. "This was the first time," says Benvenuto, feeling evidently that the fact was strange as well as most creditable to him, "that ever I was in prison, though I was now thirty-seven." (We may here note that his dates are very uncertain. He represents himself as having been born in the year 1500, but gives an account of having performed before Piero Soderini in Florence immediately after his election as Gonfaloniere in 1502, besides many other discrepancies.)

The history of this imprisonment is one of the most interesting chapters in Benvenuto's life. That he made himself both enemies and friends of the hottest description wherever he went, is very evident, — but more enemies than friends. The natural arrogance of the man, and his unbounded self-opinion, which have amused and delighted so many generations of readers, had not by any means so pleasant an effect upon his contemporaries, whose tenderest toes he not only trod, but jumped, upon at every practicable occasion, whose authority he defied, and whose good opinion he only cared for when it happened to chime in with his requirements. The moment he was fairly in the hands of his persecutors, an eager crowd of rivals and slighted patrons rose around him. The old transaction at St. Angelo, which has been already referred to, when his services were required by Pope Clement to unset the jewels of the papacy, in order to melt down the gold of the settings, was brought up against him. He had confessed to Clement himself that he had appropriated the dregs of the molten gold to make up for his unpaid wages; but the present accusation, which was that of having abstracted some of the jewels, was much more serious. He met it, indeed, without any difficulty, by referring to the list of the papal

* "I colpi non si danno a patti" — a proverb.

jewels, and proving that there were really none missing which could not be accounted for; but in those days the best of defences proved little when an obnoxious person was safely under lock and key. Neither in the extraordinary court of the Vatican, where all manner of intrigues were continually going on, did it matter much that the pope himself had compunctions, and often wished the artist safe out of those rude hands which could not set a jewel or decorate a chalice to save their lives. At first his confinement was easy enough: he was allowed to work at his art, and to walk about the battlements so familiar to him, being on his parole not to attempt to escape. But afterwards, the half-crazy governor, who was apparently a hypochondriac and monomaniac, and had fits of moral disorder, in which he believed himself to be a bat, took fright at the assertion of the bold goldsmith, who was never to be outdone in bragging, that he saw no reason why a man should not fly, and that if he himself resolved to do so, he felt sure he should succeed. On this hint his privileges were taken away, and the strictest confinement and vigilance — lest this wild man of genius should carry his suggestion out and fly away from the battlements of the *rotondo* — were substituted for the indulgence with which he had previously been treated.

Thus defied, Benvenuto at once set to work. He managed, with infinite labor, to remove the iron plates from his door, replacing the nails with wax models so exactly like them, that the most careful examination could not find out the difference; and, by keeping back the sheets which he had used when clean linen was sent to him, he accumulated a large store of long slips of strong linen which was all he wanted for his escape. When the night came for this attempt he forced the door, and after various risks and hairbreadth 'scapes, managed to let himself down from one wall after another, notwithstanding that it was a resplendent starlight night, and at least two sentries saw the strange figure in white doublet and hose swinging by the long white rope of linen down the perilous precipice of the walls. It was the evening after a *festa*, and perhaps the men had been merry, and were willing to let the unfortunate prisoner, shut out from all such joys, have his chance. Even at the present day the sympathies of most Italians would be more with the flying prisoner than the authorities and the law. The last wall,

however, was either higher than he expected, or his force was failing him; for here, on the very threshold of freedom, he fell and fainted on the pavement below. Here he lay in his swoon for about an hour and a half, he thinks, and was brought to himself by the freshness of the dawn an hour before sunrise. He had broken his leg in the fall, and cut his head severely. The latter was a trifle; but to be left lying on the stones at the foot of the prison-wall from which he had just escaped, with a broken leg, was a circumstance apt to discourage even such a valiant soul as Cellini. He was outside the city, but close to one of the gates. Examining himself as he lay, he found that the hilt of his dagger, which he had stuck into one of his boots, had been the means of breaking his leg. He drew the knife from the scabbard, which he threw away, and with the naked dagger in his hand, crawled to the gate, which was still shut. He found, however, a great stone laid against it, which on his knees, with the help of his dagger, the indomitable fugitive displaced, crawling through the opening into the city, and thus invading Rome, all bloody and crippled, with his broken leg and his naked knife, ready for anything, as strange a spectacle as those historical streets had ever seen. He had a passing fight with the dogs, the only waking inhabitants, but they soon retreated before the fierce creature on all-fours with his dagger, and he crawled along over the rough stones on his way to the nearest church in which he could find sanctuary. The light was increasing every minute, and his danger with it. At last he met an early water-carrier with his cart, to whom he told a story of *bonnes fortunes*, and of a sudden escape from a window, such as was adapted to call forth the immediate sympathy of any amiable Roman. The water-carrier took him in his cart as far as the steps of St. Peter, from whence our dauntless artist set out again "like a carp," crawling towards the house of the Duchess Margherita, the widow of Duke Alessandro of Florence, and wife of one of the Farnese, whose protection he felt assured of. The duchess was in his debt, indeed, as he stops, all covered with blood and wounds, to tell us.* While, however, he

* "When the duchess was about to make her entry into Rome, I was the cause of saving more than a thousand *scudi* of damage which the heavy rain would have done; for hearing that she was in despair about it, I gave her heart, saying that I had once already dispersed the clouds even after the rain had begun, by firing heavy pieces of artillery where the vapors were

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made his painful way from the great steps, he was recognized by a servant of Cardinal Cornaro's, and carried to the house of the Venetian, where for the moment he was in safety.

Then there arose — can any one wonder? — a great commotion and discussion in Rome, where, as the day brightened and the citizens awoke, there was visible before their eyes the flying line of that long white strip of linen, still attached to the battlement, by which the prisoner had swung himself from the very foot of the angel who watches the city, to the river-bank below. Cardinal Cornaro and one of the Pucci hurried to the Vatican to forestall all complaints, and throwing themselves at the feet of the pope, entreated his pardon for Benvenuto. Pope Paul, between wrath and sympathy, did not know how to answer them. One moment he vowed to hang the keeper, who, no doubt, had aided the fugitive; the next he laughed, with a softening of old recollections. "He is a brave fellow, and has made a marvellous escape: nevertheless," added the pope, "I came down the same way from the same place when I was young!" (Benvenuto, it must be said, a little jealous of his own reputation, explains here that Farnese escaped in a basket with the aid of traitors, and had by no means performed such a feat as he; but that the pope himself should have had a similar adventure is curiously characteristic.) All this, however, was of no avail against the influence of the pope's son, through whom Benvenuto, with his leg still feeble, was taken from his refuge in the cardinal's palace — from the midst of all the young nobles and gallants, with whom the bold Florentine had become the fashion — and shut up in a secret chamber in the Vatican, a low room on the ground-floor, looking into the private garden. Here he was warned to eat nothing brought from the pope's kitchen, and even detected his jailor in the act of attempting to poison him with diamond-dust — a purpose baffled by the dishonesty of the vendor, who adulterated the diamond with harmless brick-dust, and thus preserved the prisoner's life. But we cannot follow Benvenuto through the horrible dungeons into which he was thrown, one worse than another. In these holes and

pits he went through many painful spiritual experiences, to add to the tortures of the body, being tempted to destroy himself at one time, and then being comforted with wonderful visions. Here our artist becomes all at once as pious as he was lawless. He reads — a curious study for the half-heathen but sound Catholic of that age — as long as he has light, a Bible which somehow has fallen into his hands, writes with a mixture of crumbled bricks and filthy water, and sings psalms in the dark when nothing better is to be done, thus triumphing over his enemies, and with the fullest faith in his high favor and acceptance with God. Here is one of the snatches of verse in which he expresses the conflict between his mind and body — to be or not to be: —

Oh troubled spirit mine,
Cruel! how sad is this surviving!
If 'gainst us stands the will divine,
Who is there for us, succor giving?
Away, away to better living.

Ah, wait awhile,
For happier days will be,
Heaven promises, than e'er you knew before.
The coming hours will smile,
Since the great God has granted free
Grace that will never turn to weeping more."

Another long poem in *terza rima*, giving a second account of the afflictions of his captivity, we need not quote. We must, however, spare space for the account of the following miraculous incident, prominent mark of all the spiritual privileges with which he was favored, which proves how entirely Benvenuto felt himself to be a chosen vessel, and a subject of heavenly revelations. He had already seen the Saviour himself, in a vision, with many marvellous accessories.

Once when I was in prison, in a terrible dream, words of the greatest importance were written on my forehead, as with a pen; and he who did it, charged me three times to keep silence and betray it to no one. When I awoke I found my forehead marked: in my poem of the Capitol, written in prison, an account is given of several such events. I was also told, without knowing who said it, of all that would happen to Signor Pier Landi, so clear and distinct that I have always believed it came from an angel of heaven. And I cannot here refrain from mentioning one thing, the most wonderful that has ever happened to any man, which I say in justification of God and his secret ways, which he condescended to make me worthy to know — that from the time when I saw these things, there rested a splendor (inexplicable miracle!) upon my head, which has been evident to every man to whom

thickest; which thing I did, so arranging my guns that the rain stopped at the fourth discharge, the sun burst forth, and I was the sole cause of the success of the *feita*." Was this a mere superstition like the salamander in the fire, or was Benvenuto a man much in advance of his age?

I have chosen to show it, though these have been very few. This can be perceived above my shadow in the morning, from the rising of the sun to two o'clock, and most distinctly when the grass is still wet with dew; also it is visible in the evening when the sun sinks towards the north. I became aware of it in Paris, because the air there is much clearer, and it showed much better than in Italy, where clouds are more general; but everywhere I can see it, and show it to others, though never so well as in France.

He was finally liberated from prison by the efforts of his friends, especially of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who had introduced him to King Francis in Paris, and had ever since wished him to be attached to the service of that monarch. The cardinal wrung his deliverance from Pope Paul one evening when he was suffering from the nausea which seized him periodically, after a too liberal supper; and acting upon it instantly, before the pope could repent or his son know, brought Benvenuto out of his prison in the middle of the night. Critical as the circumstances were, the delivered artist immediately fell to work, completing for the cardinal a silver basin of rich workmanship, which he had begun before his imprisonment, and a fine pontifical seal, besides the model of a famous salt-cellar, which was destined to make princes jealous — before the whole party set out for France.

The story of Benvenuto's residence in France is full of romance and excitement, but so complicated with perpetual quarrels and offences that it is hard to follow the involved narrative. His friends, who are so true and generous at first, cheat and disappoint him; his servants and workmen, in whom he believes as in himself, get to have independent interests of their own, and betray him. His cardinal, who had extorted his freedom from the pope, and had made his fortune with Francis I., drove him frantic, as soon as he got him to Paris, by suggesting a miserable salary as the ground of his engagement, which affronted Benvenuto so much that he took horse and went off wildly, on a pilgrimage as he pretended, and had to be brought back almost by force, by mingled explanations and entreaties. And his apprentices, to whom he had been a father, betrayed him in the tenderest points — one stealing the affections of a girl to whom the master was attached, and the other endeavoring to establish his own fortunes on Benvenuto's downfall. With these drawbacks, his life at Paris was a very dashing and brilliant one.

The king, though his payments were irregular, was a magnificent master to have to do with, and paid his workmen in applause and delightful flattery at least. One of his principal adventures concerned the house allotted to him for his workshop, which was at first in the palace of the Cardinal of Ferrara, until the artist, never too humble, chose for himself the Tour de Nesle, a castle belonging to the king, but already held by a high official. Benvenuto's claim upon it was so badly received, and he was himself so much annoyed by the previous inhabitants, that he had recourse to the king, to complain to him of the failure of his claim.

After these insults I returned to the king, begging his Majesty to find accommodation for me elsewhere; to which request the king replied: "Who are you, and what is your name?" I stood confounded, not knowing what the king meant; and remaining before him thus silent, he repeated the same questions almost angrily. Then I replied that my name was Benvenuto. The king then said, "If you are that Benvenuto of whom I have heard, act according to your custom. I give you full license." I answered his Majesty that all I wanted was to be sure of his favor, and that with this nothing could hurt me. The king smiled and said, "Go on, then; my favor shall never fail you."

With this encouragement, Benvenuto, always most ready to act "according to his usual custom," defied his fellow-lodgers, armed his servants, and took triumphant possession of the old house.* Here he immediately set about a number of imposing works, — silver statues of the gods, life-size, to serve as candelabra, and many other wonderful things. All these were shown to Francis when he came with his court to visit the studio, with all the fine ladies and gallants in such a flutter of admiration as never artist had seen before. The enthusiastic monarch thereupon commissioned Benvenuto to make something for his new palace at Fontainebleau (which the Italian calls Fontana Belid). Benvenuto set to work with his usual rapidity and vehemence, and soon after we find him on his way to the king carrying with him two models — one of a gate for the palace, another embodying a fancy of his own. This was a fountain richly decorated with bas-reliefs, and surrounded with majestic flights of steps, above which stood a naked figure of great beauty with a broken lance in his

* This incident is the foundation of "Ascanio," one of Alexandre Dumas' most stirring novels.

hand. The king admired but did not understand this design. He had been very serious and lost in thought when Benvenuto appeared, because of "the devilries of war between the emperor and himself which were beginning again," but had brightened at sight of the models, and was now quite ready to be amused and interested by these novelties which he did not understand. Benvenuto desired nothing better than to explain.

"Know, sacred Majesty, that this model is carefully measured, and that when executed in bronze it will be as graceful as this that you see. The central figure will be fifty-four feet high" (at this the king gave a look of astonishment), "and represents the god Mars. These four figures represent the Virtues, in which your Majesty takes so much delight. . . . But the great figure in the middle is made for your Majesty yourself, who are Mars in your own person—the sole hero in the world; and your courage is used justly and righteously for the defence of your glory." He had scarcely patience to allow me to finish these words, when, raising his voice, he cried out, "Truly, I have now found a man after my own heart;" and calling the treasurer, he ordered him to supply me with all I needed, whatever the outlay might be; then putting his hand on my shoulder, said to me, "*Mon ami*" ["*che vuol dire amico mio*," says Benvenuto, proud of his king's friendship], "I do not know which is the greatest pleasure, that of a prince who has found a man after his own heart, or that of the artist who has found a prince ready to give him every license to work out his finest fancies." I answered that if his Majesty meant me, I thought myself the most fortunate; upon which he replied, laughing, "Say rather that we are equal." Then I went away with a light heart, and returned to my work.

But, alas! all were not so gracious as Francis. Benvenuto's boldness had displeased from the outset Madame d'Estampes, the reigning favorite (whom he calls De Tampes), who undermined him, as he thought, in every way. The Cardinal of Ferrara stopped the supplies which the king had ordered him, and held Benvenuto back after having done everything to advance him; and things on the whole went badly with the artist. Everybody except Francis behaved unkindly and treacherously; and even Francis was capricious, and not always in the humor for his models or his bold talk. The undesirable neighbors who still clung about him within and about the Tour de Nesle, put him to the disagreeable necessity sometimes of ousting them by force (not doing them any harm, only throwing their furniture out of the windows, he explains), and sometimes of appearing at the law

courts to answer some plea against him. Even his experiences in the courts, however, teach Benvenuto something, and in the very midst of his troubles he pauses to make the following note, which will interest readers of Dante. He is struck with admiration, in the first place, of the judge, "an admirable man, with the aspect of Plato," who listened to everybody, and let nothing escape his attention.

It is so delightful to me to see and enjoy every kind of good, and this appeared to me so marvellous that I would not for much have lost the opportunity of beholding it. It was necessary, as the hall was very full, to take great care that no one came in save those who had business there; and accordingly the doors were kept shut with a keeper at each door. The keepers made such a noise whenever any one attempted to enter, to keep out as many as possible, that they disturbed this wonderful judge, who angrily reproved them. This turned my attention to observe what happened, and the words the judge said on seeing two gentlemen hindered from coming in by the keeper were these, "Be quiet, be quiet, Satan; go away from there and be quiet." These words in the French tongue sound thus, "*Phe phe, Satan, phe phe, all phe*." I, who had learned French, hearing these words, thought myself of what Dante intended to say when he went in with his master, Virgil, within the gates of the Inferno. Now Dante, in the days of Giotto the painter, was with him in France, and particularly in Paris, where it might well be said that the place in which litigation was going on was an Inferno; and Dante, who also understood French, made use of this form of words. It seems to me strange that no one has remarked this before.

The reader will recollect the mysterious gibberish, "Pape Satan, pape Satan, aleppe," which Dante puts into the mouth of Plutus in the beginning of the seventh canto of the "*Inferno*." They have puzzled many a student, and eke many a commentator: whether Benvenuto has thrown any light upon the meaning, it would be hard to say, but his keen observation is interesting, and his suggestion ingenious at least.

However, as time went on, Benvenuto became more and more discouraged. He had been over four years in France, with many vicissitudes of court favor, and evident difficulty in getting the silver and gold necessary for his work, as well as his own pay and profit, when, tired of France, or of Francis, or of the enmity of Madame d'Estampes, or alarmed lest the king, who had rebuked him for boldness of speech, might be moved to go further, he suddenly went off one fine

morning to Italy, leaving his uncompleted works and his workmen behind. It is not easy to penetrate the real motives of his sudden flight; but the fact that certain officials of the court, accompanied by his own man Ascanio, were sent after him to bring back two vases which he was carrying away, and that he, so high-handed in his dealings with the various potentates whom he served and defied, allowed these beloved objects to be taken from him, throws a new light upon the agitations of this portion of Benvenuto's career. Perhaps he thought himself justified, in consideration of the many claims he put forth against the royal exchequer, in carrying off what was in his hands; but it was somewhat ignominious to be compelled to restore them, and it is evident that the artist felt the humiliation. He proceeded on his way, very sad at heart, not able to keep from sighing and weeping. In the midst of his distress, however, there is something whimsical in the sudden production all at once of an entirely new motive for his flight, which he would seem to have invented in his trouble, by way of giving a better aspect to his conduct in his own eyes, and which is first made known to the reader, of all places in the world, in his prayers. "I comforted myself in God," he says suddenly, "saying: 'Signore Iddio, thou knowest the truth; thou knowest that this my going is solely to carry help to *six poor little maidens and their mother*, my sister. . . . Therefore, as I am engaged in so pious a work, I hope from thy Majesty aid and counsel.'" The curious cunning and simplicity of this strange device are inimitable; for we have never heard a word of the six poor little maidens until the moment when the discomfited hero stood so much in need of some finer inducement than mere self-preservation to justify his flight. That this little artifice should be played off, presumably as soon as it was suggested to his quick wits, upon God himself, a potentate very different from either the pope or King Francis, is still more extraordinary. And it is equally curious to note the sincerity with which the wily but simple Italian, having invented this charitable reason for his journey, as giving him a claim upon the protection of God, instantly and really adopts it as a generous intention, to the great advantage of the six poor little maidens thus suddenly become to him a band of guardian angels propitiating heaven. His fears and startled imagination have no sooner suggested the hypoc-

risy than his ready wit seizes upon it: henceforward it becomes an object of faith with him; and no doubt that he is a virtuous victim, sacrificing himself for the benefit of his family, crosses his mind. He seeks out the family of Liparata immediately on his return to Florence, and carries out his intention manfully. The whole transaction forms a very curious incident in the story of this keen, rash, subtle, egotistical, yet not ungenerous mind.

It was a natural conclusion to the life of Giovanni Cellini's son, a born retainer of the Medici, that he should finish his days in Florence, under the patronage of the second great Duke Cosmo, by whom the tyranny of the reigning family was fully established, and all the dreams and aspirations of the town of Dante and Savonarola finally obliterated. The struggles of the republicans had never affected Benvenuto's artist soul. He had been too deeply engaged in the thousand personal feuds of his own life to take much thought of politics; but so much feeling as he had on the subject was, it is evident, warmly in favor of the Medici, and against the religious party — the Puritans of Florence. He was in his natural place when he returned to find once more a gracious and native prince smiling upon him, and abundant room for work in his native town. He had scarcely got footing in it again when he seems to have begun his plans and designs for the great Perseus in the Piazza — the work upon which he now intended to stake his reputation. Nothing so great had ever occupied him before; and it was not unnatural that the rival sculptors of Florence should consider the goldsmith, great and famous as he was, incapable of taking so ambitious a piece of work out of their hands. It was not without vexations and hindrances innumerable that he got this undertaking fairly started; and the story of the casting of the statue is one of the most exciting in the book. Benvenuto gives a detailed description of all his preparations for this anxious moment, almost the most important of his artist life, which our space forbids us to quote. On the very eve of pouring the metal into the mould, he was seized with an attack of fever, and was compelled to leave the decisive operation to the workmen, whom he had carefully instructed, and to throw himself, half dead, in overwhelming anxiety of mind, and with a conviction that he was dying, upon his bed.

As I lay thus for two hours struggling with the fever (which I felt increasing every moment), and saying "I am dying," my housekeeper, whose name was Monna Fiore di Castel del Rio (this woman was the best that ever was born, and the most lovable), had great compassion for me, and comforted me with all her power; but seeing me so lost and cast down, even her brave heart could not keep up, and she shed torrents of tears, hiding them from me as well as she was able. While I was in this immeasurable distress a man came into the room, twisted in his person like an S, and cried out in a pitiful voice, like one who is commissioned to call a criminal to execution, "O Benvenuto! your work is spoiled, and there is no help for it in all the world." As soon as I heard this miserable fellow's words, I gave an indescribable cry, which might have been heard in the seventh heaven, and starting from my bed, seized my clothes to put them on, every one crowding round me to help, though I hit at them on every side with my arms and feet, crying out, "O traitors, envious wretches! this is a villanous contrivance; but I swear to God that I will know who has done it, and before I die I will make an example of them." When I was dressed, I rushed to the workshop with burning heart, where I found all my people, whom I had left in such high courage, standing about in the greatest confusion. Then I cried, "Mark me, now; if you did not before understand or obey what I told you, obey me now that I am here in your presence, and let no one say a word to me, for such a case as this needs help and not advice." To these words a certain Alessandro Lastricati replied, "Benvenuto, you have undertaken a thing which art does not allow, and which cannot be done." Upon which I turned upon him with such rage and murder in my eyes that he and all the rest cried out, "Tell us what to do, and we will do it while life lasts." They said these friendly words, I believe, because they thought I would fall down dead among them. Then I looked into the furnace and saw the metal all in a lump like a millet pudding. I told two of the laborers to go and fetch a load of young oak, very dry, which Ginevra, the baker's wife, had offered me; and as soon as the first armful was brought, I began to heap up the fire. Oak of that sort makes a better fire than any other kind of wood (although elder wood and pine are used for casting guns, as making a milder heat); and oh, when our millet pudding began to feel that terrible blaze, how it cleared and glowed! . . . As soon as I had thus set things to rights, I cried to the workmen to bestir themselves; so that as soon as the said porridge began to liquefy, all the band were so inspired with zeal, that each man did the work of three. I then got a half piece of pewter, about sixty pounds weight, and threw it into the furnace in the middle of the porridge, which with other helps, renewing the fire and stirring it with iron bars and stakes, in a short time became liquid. Now, seeing that I had brought the dead to life against all

the belief of these ignorant fellows, I felt so much vigor in me that I feared no more either fever or death. Suddenly we heard a great noise, accompanied by a blaze of flame as if it had been lightning, which struck terror to all present, and to myself more than all. When the noise was over, we gazed at each other; and soon perceiving that the cover of the furnace had burst and the bronze begun to rise, I immediately opened the mouths of my mould; but seeing that the metal did not flow so quickly as it ought, and knowing that this was caused by the destruction of the *lega*,* I took all my pewter plates and dishes, of which I had some two hundred, and put them one by one in the front of the tubes, while the rest were thrown into the furnace. So then, every one perceiving that the bronze was flowing freely and the mould filling, all labored on gaily and willingly, and I in the midst, now here, now there, giving my orders, lending a hand, crying as I worked, "O God, who with thy great worth raised the dead! O thou who so gloriously ascended to heaven!" so that in a moment the mould was filled: whereupon I threw myself on my knees and thanked God with all my heart. After this I turned to a salad that was upon a bench, and ate it with great appetite, and drank with all the band, then went to bed well and glad, for it was still two hours before dawn, and slept sweetly, as if I had never known what sickness was.

This wonderful picture of the desperate artist, a sort of demoniac in the glow of the flames, shouting, swearing, praying, denouncing vengeance, giving thanks, with all the swart faces round him kindling to the wild enthusiasm of the moment, is worthy of Rembrandt. The issue of the conflict was that graceful Perseus, now standing under the *loggia* in the famous square of Florence, which has seen so many strange sights—and which was filled some time after with a rapturous crowd to see this wonder of the world, and its maker, bringing him flowers, and sonnets, and praises, till the sky rang.

With this triumph we may leave Benvenuto. He lived many years after, and never ceased to struggle for his money, to demand a clearing up of his accounts, to be disappointed, angry, impassioned, out of favor and in favor twenty times in a month; but nevertheless lived on in his native town, though his hands were full of feuds as usual, and the jealousy of his rivals pursued him to the end. It is true that he was scarcely settled in Florence when he began to regret his Tour de Nesle and his royal patron, of whom he always speaks with enthusiasm, as the

* Inferior metal added to make the mass cohere.

greatest king of the world, the Most Christian Majesty — "with whom was my great glory," he says, after Francis was dead; but Duke Cosmo also was a *benignissimo signore*, though his goldsmith did nothing but wrangle with him and all his treasurers, and every other sculptor employed about the court. This was natural to him; and probably life would have been impossible to the choleric Florentine without this constant spice of quarrel. He married in his old age, it is conjectured that "best woman that ever was born," who consoled and wept with him in his trouble about the casting of the Perseus — though her name is Fiore in that narrative, and Piera in the official documents. This, however, might be an error of the copyist. He had been by no means superior to his age in point of morality. But Benvenuto in his later years, if always quarrelsome, was, so far as appears, a good husband and an anxious father. His children, of whom he lost several, are mentioned individually in his will with sedulous care — the chance that his two daughters might become nuns being carefully provided for. He died in Florence in 1571, having completed his threescore and ten years, and more labors than fall to the lot of most men. Of all his works, none is more original than the portrait of himself which he has left behind him — a book which throws the most curious, capricious light upon an agitated and eventful age, and puts forth in full exhibition, with all his faults and follies, his passions and vices, and the turbulent and vigorous soul which carried him through them all, one of the most distinct and individual of men.

From All The Year Round.

VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NAME FROM THE GRAVE.

"DOWN at Mickleham? Nonsense! He came back from there weeks ago. You must be mistaken."

"I don't think so, ma'am. I only heard from my sister yesterday; and it was she who told me."

Mrs. Beverley turned round impatiently. She was sitting in front of her pier-glass, having her hair done, a book on her knee, and a dressing-gown all trimmed with costly lace wrapped round her. The

sudden movement sent the volume on to the floor.

"And how came your sister to know all this? What has she to do with Mr. Vane?"

"Please, ma'am, she is schoolroom maid at the house where he is visiting, a Mrs. Jacobson's. It's just outside Mickleham."

"Mr. Jacobson's, you mean, I suppose, though he may have a wife for all I know. Why, that must be Matt Jacobson! Mr. Vane brought him here once or twice, a man with a lot of black curly hair and a lisp, a stockbroker. So — that is where he is!"

She said the first words sharply, the last almost in a whisper, her head slightly bent, her dark, pencilled brows contracted as if in thought; but the maid who was brushing out the masses of crisp blue-black hair, which fell in a dense curtain over her mistress's shoulders to the ground, took the remark as addressed to herself and answered it.

"Yes, ma'am. Polly says it's the third time he has been down since the beginning of last month. He was there little over a week ago; but only for a day and night; so perhaps you didn't know of it; and now he's there again. Polly don't think it's Mr. or Mrs. Jacobson he goes for though."

"What do you mean?"

Not at all as most mistresses would have answered a remark, which, coming from a servant, was a decidedly impertinent one, did Mrs. Beverley put the question, but with a mingled fierceness and curiosity unbridled as though the girl were her equal. Ladies of the Beverley stamp seldom go to the trouble of keeping up much reserve between themselves and their domestics.

"Well, ma'am, Polly says it's all for a young lady. Not that she's staying in the house. She lives over to Chadleigh End, four miles off; but every time Mr. Vane goes down he manages to see her; and he don't seem able to talk or think of nothink else. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson, they chaff him about it at table quite open; but Polly says he don't seem to mind. He calls her his 'lily maid' himself, and drinks her health."

"A precious 'lily,' I dare say! What is she? Some farmer's daughter?"

"Oh dear, no, ma'am. Polly spoke of her just as if she were a real lady. She came riding over to lunch there one day, and Mr. Vane he took and fed her horse himself, and waited on her at table just as

if she were a queen. She's a sweet, fair young creature, Polly says, and —"

"What's her name?" said Mrs. Beverley irritably. "Do you think I want to hear all Polly's nonsense? And don't pull my hair so."

"If you would please not to jerk your head then, ma'am. Dysart is the name. She lives with her ma, the widow of an Eytalian consul, so she calls herself."

"How did your Polly come to hear all this and write about it to you? She seems to take an interest in Mr. Vane's doings."

"No, ma'am, it's in the young lady. Polly's a Chadleigh girl herself and this is her first place from home, and of course she knows all the folks there."

"Then in that case you know them, too, as it's your home as well."

The girl colored up and looked embarrassed.

"Yes, ma'am — no ma'am," she said hesitatingly. "I mean I've been so many more years in service, ma'am, and always town service. I didn't like village life."

"But you go home on a visit sometimes, I suppose."

"Not for a good while back, ma'am; me and my people don't agree well. They didn't like my bettering myself; but I think I've heard of this Mrs. Dysart all the same. She and her daughters live quite alone like. Nobody knows much about them."

Mrs. Beverley laughed.

"Just the sort of girl Mr. Vane would amuse himself with flirting with when he had nothing to do. Don't waste your time and mine by talking of such folly. That plait has taken you half an hour. Make haste with it."

But though the words sounded peremptory, Belle Beverley's tone had completely altered. There was almost a complacent accent in it; and the face reflected in the mirror had lost its painful and anxious flush. After all, she was used to Gareth's flirtations. They were painful to her, of course, because she cared for him herself. But she knew they were a part of his nature, necessary to him as it were; and so long as they were only flirtations, and he drifted back to her when they were over, she tried not to mind them. Just now, for a moment, she had been stupidly frightened. She was afraid that this might be something more; but the maid's last words had reassured her. No, such a girl as this was not likely to entangle Gareth in any folly. The only thing which worried her was that he had been so silent about it.

And that worry grew.

For the moment, for five minutes, even ten, perhaps, she fancied herself quite reassured and comforted; but the assurance could not have been complete or the comfort satisfactory, for neither availed to last her through the day. Nay, even when driving leisurely along the crowded Row, the demon of uncertainty and suspicion raised by her maid's gossip came back to her again and again, and each time with a more fiendish smile on its gibing lips, a crueller curve of its barbed talons, till the park with its gay crowds and glittering toilets, gayer and more glittering than usual under the dazzling sunshine of a June morning, swam before her eyes like a mere phantasmal dream, and instead she seemed to see only a girl's figure, a "lily" face, and Gareth bending over it, "serving her as though she were a queen." Absurd, unlikely notion! But the vision stayed all the same. She could not drive it away; and when she thought of his repeated absences of late, and the way in which, even when she did see him, he avoided any confidential talk with her or mention of where he had been, her worry of mind increased to a perfect fever; and before the carriage had reached the end of the park a second time she gave the check-string a sudden pull, and told the coachman, "Home."

"This sort of thing will drive me mad," she said between her teeth. "I believe it's all nonsense, but how can one tell? I will go and see his sister to-morrow. Perhaps she knows."

It has been intimated already in this story that Mrs. Hamilton and her cousin Tom Beverley's widow were not on intimate terms. Had the doctor's wife known the latter better it is probable that they might not have been even on visiting terms; Mrs. Hamilton being an upright woman, with severe notions on the subject of feminine reserve and decorum; but they lived so far apart, and in such widely different circles of society, that Gareth's sister really knew very little more of Mrs. Beverley than he chose to tell her; and, with all his faults, Gareth was still too much of a gentleman to malign a woman at whose house he was always a welcome guest.

Mrs. Hamilton knew that "Belle" was fond of her brother, and, knowing also that she was a rich and independent woman, she was not indisposed, for that brother's sake, to treat her with courtesy on the rare occasions when they happened to meet. It seemed to Mrs. Hamilton

the proper thing that poor men should marry rich wives. Her husband had done so, and owed all his good fortune in life to it. Why should not Gareth do the same? Certainly Belle was not the woman she would have chosen for a sister; but, after all, what sort of woman was she in reality? Her very frankness and audacity made it difficult to tell, and gave her the air of exaggerating her own defects, and her wealth assisted the delusion. As a poor woman she would have been improper. As a rich woman she was simply eccentric. Mrs. Hamilton was far too severe a moralist to tolerate an improper person; but she had sufficient worldly prudence to make allowances for an eccentric one.

For these reasons she refrained from ordering her servant to say "Not at home," or from assuming more than her ordinary frigidity, when at about the most unorthodox hour for visiting in the twenty-four, somewhere about eleven in the morning, she received a message that Mrs. Beverley had called and was asking to see her.

The doctor's wife was seated in her morning-room at the time, engaged in the thoroughly proper and matronly task of knitting an undervest for one of the younger children, while she heard her two elder girls read and recite their daily portion of Scripture; and she merely showed her sense of Mrs. Beverley's outrage on conventionality by the muttered words, "At this hour! What next?" and by declining to pretermitt either of her occupations, until the visitor was actually in the room and extending a hand in greeting to her.

Probably Mrs. Beverley felt the hint thus conveyed, for she burst out into apologies as impetuous as her visit.

"Am I not a wretch to invade you at this hour? I wonder what you think of me for doing so. Something too horrid, I'm sure; but the fact is, I had to be in Surbiton this morning; and, as I said to myself, what's the good of being cousins if I can't run in and see Helen in a friendly way? I only wish you'd do the same by me."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Hamilton coldly; "but I am afraid that would be quite impossible. My morning duties always make calls before lunch out of the question. I have too much to do. Pray don't apologize for yourself, however."

"That is as much as saying I am interrupting those same duties. Fortunately creature to have any! I haven't, or

anything to do, either. Don't you pity me?"

"Very much," said Mrs. Hamilton, with perfect sincerity; "if it were true. According to my creed, however, Isabelle, every one has some duties to perform in the world. Yes, Annie, my dear," in answer to a mute appeal from the little girl still standing in front of her; "you and Ella may go for the present. Take your Bibles with you."

"There are two at any rate who won't quarrel with Cousin Belle's naughtiness and idleness if it gets them off a lesson," said Mrs. Beverley, detaining the child by the arm to give her a laughing kiss. "Give them a holiday, Helen, do. I don't often come; and I had no idea you taught them yourself."

"I do not, in general matters. Religious teaching, however, ought, I think, to be invariably the mother's province. No; I don't think a holiday from that would be desirable at any time, or that they would wish for it. Run away, now, my children. I will send for you later."

"Poor things, how implacable you are!" laughed Mrs. Beverley. "Kiss me first, then, Annie. Do you know you are very pretty, child? Your eyes are exactly the color of Gareth's. Ella's are not; but then she's the image of her father—always was, weren't you, Ella? Bless me, child, you needn't blush and look so frightened. Papa's a very handsome man; you ought to be proud of resembling him."

Poor little Ella did not look proud. She simply blushed deeply, and cast an apprehensive glance at her mother. She was the eldest of the little Hamiltons, and knew in some mysterious way that to resemble papa was to displease mamma. She might have gathered it, perhaps, from the slight frown which had crossed the latter's brow at the words; but Mrs. Hamilton said nothing. She only pointed gently to the door, and the two children, early trained to prompt obedience, went away without a word.

"Now I am to be scolded!" said Mrs. Beverley, laughing. "But all the same, Annie is pretty, Helen; you can't deny it."

"I would rather she were not told so. Personal remarks are bad for children. Annie's foible is vanity already."

"It'll be a bigger foible by-and-by when those eyes have learned how to do damage. Gareth might have been a saint but for his."

"A sanctity without much merit, I am

afraid. How is Gareth, Isabelle? I suppose you have seen him later than I?"

"I haven't seen him for ages. He might be dead and buried for that matter; but I suppose he is devoting himself to this new flame of his, so I don't trouble my head with much anxiety about him. Do you know her, Helen? I hear she is rather pretty."

"Her? Who?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, opening her eyes.

She was beginning to gather the motive — incredible as it seemed to her prouder nature — of Mrs. Beverley's impromptu visit.

Mrs. Hamilton burst into a hard little laugh.

"You don't mean to say you don't know about it?" she said. "Well, I know men won't always keep their sisters *au fait* of their little flirtations; but as the damsel is a native of these parts, and lives not far — Why, doctor, is that you? I thought you were never at home of a morning."

Mrs. Hamilton's sitting-room had two doors, one of which opened into the drawing-room. This was open at present, and through it Belle Beverley saw the doctor enter the outer room, and begin to rummage among some papers in a secretaire as if in search of something. He had certainly not come up for a chat with his wife, for he never even glanced at the inner doorway in full view of which she was sitting, and Mrs. Beverley's sudden exclamation made him start. She leaned forward and put out her hand to him, and he could not do otherwise than come and speak to her; but she was by no means a favorite of his, and even as he did so he took out his watch, glancing from it to the severely impassive face of his wife as though to intimate that his stay would not be for long.

"No more I am, after ten," he said, answering the widow's greeting with a pleasant smile. "I am only here now while they are getting the carriage out. I finished my morning round in town early to-day, and have to see a patient in Esher before lunch."

"Take me with you," said Mrs. Beverley audaciously. "I came by train, and would just as soon go back by Esher as not. It won't be against the proprieties, I suppose, Helen?"

Mrs. Hamilton's face had assumed a stony expression, and she did not vouchsafe a word. "But, unfortunately, I am not going anywhere near the station at Esher, and — don't think me very ungal-

lant, Mrs. Beverley — I should be a wretchedly dull companion for you in any case; for I always read up my notes on the cases I am visiting on the way to them, and I was just looking out some on this when you spoke to me. Mrs. Hamilton will tell you that it is a habit with doctors, and a very necessary one."

His wife looked up with a keen, angry flash in her eyes, a two-barbed one travelling from Belle Beverley to himself.

"I do not know anything as to the necessity of your habits in general," she said with an accent of such freezing sarcasm that even her guest's sang-froid was startled, "but if you have made this appointment to meet Isabelle Beverley, and drive her out to-day, she will probably expect you to dispense with the one you speak of while you are with her. I do not imagine that you are often — ungallant!"

Mrs. Beverley opened her eyes to their widest.

"Appointment!" she repeated. "I had no appointment with Dr. Hamilton. What could put such an idea in your head? It was a sudden idea of my own that he might drive me to Esher; and I think he's awfully ungallant to refuse, especially after all the lifts I have given his brother-in-law. By the way, did you hear us talking of Gareth's last flirtation, doctor? I was just asking your wife if she knew the girl."

"Which I do not," said Mrs. Hamilton. "Gareth's friends are not often chosen from among my acquaintances; and probably would be the last I should care to include among them. Did you say, however, that this girl lives in Surbiton?"

"No, but in Surrey, within ten miles of you; and as I hear that he has paid three visits to her within the last three weeks, and is staying there now, I thought you would most likely know something about it. I suppose" — with a desperate affectation of carelessness which would not have deceived a kitten — "that there is no hope of its turning out anything serious; leading to matrimony, I mean."

"That depends on the person, I fancy," said Mrs. Hamilton, more gravely than unkindly. "For my part I should be thankful to see him married to any one in a good position and who would exert a good influence over him, and I am quite sure of one thing" — with an emphasis which might be intended to reassure her visitor — "that though Gareth may be foolish, there is no harm in him. He will only marry for love; and whatever he may

have been as a bachelor he will be a good and faithful husband. As to this new admiration, however, I have never even heard of it. Indeed, I fancy you know more of him and his doings than I do."

"Well, you see poor Tom and he were always like brothers," said Mrs. Beverley quickly: it was a speech she had made so often that I almost think she had got to believe in it herself — "but old friends get put on one side for new flirtations. I don't suppose, however, that you would like this to prove anything serious, for from what I gathered the girl is of somewhat dubious extraction, daughter of the *sai-disant* widow of some Italian consul, a Miss Dysart and — Why! why! doctor, take care! Oh! what a pity!"

A pity, indeed! Dr. Hamilton, who during the above conversation had been putting his notes together in the outer room, had just come forward as Mrs. Beverley was speaking to bid her good-bye. Whether in doing so he trod on something and stumbled, or what caused the accident, those inside could not tell. All they saw, was that the violent start he gave brought his elbow in contact with a pretty Indian vase which stood on a bracket near the door, and knocked it to the ground. The pieces were scattered all about, and the doctor's face went quite white with annoyance.

"I — I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, turning to his wife. "I really am very sorry — very. How could I have been so awkward! Such a handsome vase, too! I hope we shall be able to match it."

"If I were Helen, I shouldn't care about breakages while I had a husband to make such pretty apologies for them," laughed Mrs. Beverley. "Why, Helen, he is nervous; his hands are shaking still, and he's as white as ashes. You ought to comfort him. Was it a unique specimen?"

"On the contrary, a very ordinary one," said Mrs. Hamilton, rising quietly to ring the bell for a maid to remove the fragments. She simply looked at her husband; and Mrs. Beverley, seeing the look, rose too, and said good-bye. Helen was always an enigma to her, and at present her ungracious ignoring of the doctor's regret for the accident, and the look of more than concern on his face, seemed to her like forewarnings of a domestic storm.

"In which I should be sure to take his part, and make Helen furious with me," she said to herself. "What's a bit of china, more or less? But I believe she has a fearful temper; and, after all, as

she knows nothing whatever about the girl, I may as well go home."

The doctor went with her to the gate, his momentary discomposure over, and his face wearing its pleasantest smile again.

"If you walked from the station, you must go back to it in my carriage," he said cordially. "It is ready, I see, and I am not, so it won't in the least delay me; and give our love to Gareth when you see him. I suppose this — a — new love of his is a Londoner, as you know about her?"

"Oh, no; didn't you hear me telling Helen she lives at Chadleigh End?"

"Chadleigh — where?"

"Chadleigh End, near Mickleham; you know. He is staying there."

"Chadleigh End? Oh, ah! That's quite a small village, isn't it? Any gentry there ought to be well known to the rest. And I think you said the name was —"

"Dysart; so my maid tells me at least. She's the one that I took after your wife parted with her, you know; but she is a Chadleigh girl by birth, and knows all about these people."

"Ah, yes!" said the doctor; "and here's the carriage; let me put you in. Is this your parasol? Good-bye. Such a pleasure to have seen you." He stood with his hat off, smiling still, as the carriage rolled away, and then turned back into the garden. A great change had come over his face in that moment. It wore the same look it had done when he broke the china: a pained, anxious, almost livid pallor, which gave him the appearance of being twenty years older than he was; and his fingers shook again, as drawing out his note-book, he wrote down in it the words "Chadleigh End," adding after a moment's thought, "Tuesday."

"Not that I am likely to forget it," he said to himself half aloud. "What does it mean? Dead all these years, dead — thank God! and now for Gareth —"

A burst of baby laughter, and two small mischievous beings, his youngest children, came skipping through the laurels one in pursuit of another. There was a pause, and a shy up-glancing in surprise at the sight of papa, so seldom at home; but Dr. Hamilton held out both hands encouragingly, his brow cleared as if by magic, and his face bright with fatherly tenderness.

"Well, you monkeys, what are you up to?" he said gaily. "Come here, Dolly, my wee woman, and give papa a kiss, the

biggest you've got in that nice little mouth."

Little Dolly came forward willingly enough, pouting out her red lips in preparation; but the kiss was not given. Her mother's hand on her shoulder detained her. Mrs. Hamilton must have been close behind her husband, though he had not seen her, and her sudden appearance startled him as much as it did the children.

"Dolly, Fred, how come you in the front garden?" she said with grave reproach. "Do you not know that it is forbidden? And no hats on either in this sun! Come indoors and get them."

She took a child by either hand, and walked slowly towards the house with them. The doctor made no remonstrance. If he had been going to do so, the one look he encountered from her eyes must have quelled his purpose. Only there was a good deal of bitterness mingled with the wonted melancholy in his own, as he left the garden to resume his interrupted duties.

Little Dolly, however, was not quite so placable. Her lips remained pouted out, though with the reverse of kissing intentions, and as they entered the house she ventured on a rebellious murmur.

"Papa was doin' to pay wis Dolly. Her would lite to pay wis her papa, her would."

"Papa has his work to attend to. He has no time to play with little girls," said Mrs. Hamilton gravely. "Can't my Dolly play with some one else?"

The little face was lifted eagerly.

"Wis oo, mammy? Will oo pay wis Fwed an' me? Oh, do, do!"

But Mrs. Hamilton, instead of answering, almost tore her hand from the dimpled coaxing fingers, and pushed the child from her.

"Take her away, Fred," she said hoarsely. "Go—both of you to the play-room. Nurse will amuse you. She—is the proper person."

Poor little Hamiltons! Dragged away from the kind smiling papa, who would have welcomed them, and driven away by the graver, cold-mannered mamma, they trotted soberly down the long corridor hand in hand, with wistful eyes and depressed corners to their mouths, and a general sense of guilt and injury on them. Dolly was still the refractory one.

"Papap has time to pay wis childwen," she muttered stubbornly. "Minnie Taylor's papa pays wis her."

"Our papas and mammas is different

from uvver peoples," said Fred with sobriety. He was used to the difference, and accepted it uncomplainingly; but it oppressed him all the same. The little Hamiltons were not happy children.

And, meanwhile, their mother, behind the door which she had closed upon them, was fighting dumbly with another of those terrible paroxysms of pain by which we have once before seen her overcome.

"But, thank God, I had strength to get rid of them first," she moaned, the big drops of torture standing on her brow. "Poor lambs! they will think me cruel; but better that than that they should be haunted by the sight of me so."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

HERALDING SHADOWS.

GARETH meanwhile was amusing himself.

Begun in the merest spirit of idleness, a sport, rendered pleasing by a pretty face, and piquant by a nature sweeter and more unspoiled than he was in the habit of encountering, his pursuit of Sybil had grown from a jest into a passion; and the half-laughing gibe addressed to Mrs. Jacobson about "cutting out the parson" had become very real earnest.

Mr. Vane himself made no secret whatever of the charm which drew him down to Mickleham and Chadleigh End. To meet Sybil at some garden party or picnic, to get her to himself for a few minutes and beguile her into expressing a desire to read some new poem or possess some rare flower, was but the prelude to his appearing at Birchwood a day or two later, bringing with him the flower or poem aforesaid, and openly avowing that the sole object of his visit was to lay these offerings at the feet of his new idol. Once or twice Mrs. Jacobson said to him, with a laugh,—

"What is all this going to end in? Are you really prepared to fight a duel with young Ashleigh? It will come to that if you make her fall in love with you. Why don't you try your fascinations on some one who is free to accept them? Don't forget that I am waiting to be asked to your wedding. Matt is to give me the most expensive bonnet of the season for it, and I am getting impatient."

"Pray don't vulgarize my passion by bringing such details as weddings and bonnets to bear on it," said Gareth gaily. "I am ready to fight young Ashleigh now

or at any time if he and you both wish it. It is crime enough on his part to have known Sybil Dysart before I did."

But though Gareth joked about his "passion," it was one none the less; and, perhaps, he could not have answered Mrs. Jacobson more satisfactorily. In truth, he had never thought how it was to end. To lavish time, money, and energy on a pursuit which had no definite good or object, even in his own mind, was just one of the bits of reckless folly in which the man delighted. Endings were never things in his line. He preferred the beginning of affairs. His whole life was a series of beginnings and breakings off; and there had been at times sufficient pain and discomfort in the latter to make him shrink from contemplating them beforehand. The doubt in his mind, that which gave piquancy to his present pursuit, was whether his fascinations were as irresistible with Sybil as Mrs. Jacobson thought them likely to be.

They ought to have been. She was so soft and sweet, so unspoilt; so trusting in the good faith of all about her, so easily impressed by flattery or kindness, that the warmth and pertinacity of his devotion should have been sufficient to touch and win her; yet even to his own heart he could not say that they had done so. Her very simplicity baffled him. Her tranquil serenity became at times a torture. It was these which made her so difficult to read. Other women with far deeper and more complex characters were infinitely easier to decipher. He had only to bestow a tender glance, or a sympathetic word in an undertone on Miss Saunders, and next time he touched the poor thing's hand it went cold and damp with agitation, and he could not go in or out without finding her in his way with mournful, feverish eyes fixed on him in a wistful way which was almost irritating; but the delicate rose-color which had once or twice flattered him by rising to Sybil's cheeks at his approach mantled there as readily at any other little surprise, or even at the mention of her lover's name. The little hand which rested in his ardent pressure with a soft reliance, very sweet and touching, might, for aught he knew, lie as trustingly in any other palm. That liquid, childlike glance in the blue eyes which seemed to appeal to him alone, might have the same language for any other gaze. How could he know? And he wanted to do so. He wanted to make sure at least if she had any feelings at all, or if they were so absorbed by her be-

trothed that the devotion of any one else simply made no impression on her. He was one of those men who would rather that a woman hated them than that she was indifferent to them. The Jacobsons and their friends were fond of talking of the Dysart exclusiveness, the Dysart stand-offishness, the Dysart absorption in their own circle and indifference to every one outside it. It was the very thing to set Gareth on fire. To make it apparent that this exclusiveness was relaxed for him, that he had overridden the superiority and melted the indifference, was something worth trying for. Sybil must learn to care for him a little. That tranquil heart must flutter at his approach, those even pulses thrill under his touch. She might marry her parson lover afterwards if she would; but that victory at least he must have gained. It was the pleasantest little campaign for a summer month.

One day he and the "parson lover" met. It was at Farmer Dyson's. Lion had some business with the yeoman, and the latter told him that he had a "Lunnon gent" lodging with him for a week.

"Been 'ere afore fur a few days' shootin' in the autumn," said the farmer, "but this time 'tis fur quiet and to do some littery work. 'Tis a gent as writes fur the s'ciety papers. Oh, 'ere he be!"

Gareth happened to be coming out at the moment, and he and Lion met and were introduced, and I rather think at that first meeting that Lion took to him. The handsome face, the frank manner, and occasional incisiveness of his conversation, then, were not without their pleasant effect on men as well as women, and Gareth himself was rather curious to know what the man was like whom Sybil did love. He told Lion, therefore, that he had run down to the country to get up some articles for a certain weekly paper bearing on local agricultural questions, and the young curate fired into interest on the instant. They walked a good way together, and before they parted Lion had asked him to come and see him at the vicarage. Nay, he did more; for, being interested in his companion, and finding that they had several mutual acquaintances, he asked him to dinner; and Gareth went, wondering amusedly whether his rival would next offer to take him to Hillbrow; and if so, what he should do. He was not troubled with ultra-conscientious scruples, and was of opinion that the proverb, "All's fair in love and war," permitted of a very broad translation; but

to allow this young fellow, his junior in all senses of the word, to take him to the house of his betrothed for the sole reason that he might get up a flirtation with the young lady seemed even to him a somewhat shabby proceeding, and he decided against it.

He need not have done so, as his self-denial was not to be tried. Young Ashleigh's reverence for the little household, which served as a shrine for his own precious pearl Sybil, was far too great to allow him to introduce into it any or every stranger who happened to be amusing or agreeable to himself; and on the other side Gareth was not enough of a hypocrite to make it seem in any way desirable to make an exception in his favor. Even to Sybil he said,—

"Please don't fancy I am a saint, Miss Dysart, or even a good, orthodox Christian; for I'm nothing of the sort. I've been a graceless ne'er-do-weel all my life; and I shall be so to the end. If you were one of the Mrs. Grundys of the world you wouldn't speak to me. You'd go on the other side, and look the other way when you saw me coming; and perhaps, as you're so young and innocent, I ought to tell you to do so, anyhow; but I'm not sufficiently heroic. When a poor, lonely wretch like myself has had one glimpse of heaven, and only one, in all his life, he must be more than self-denying if he can shut his eyes to it, and not want to see it again."

And Sybil, who saw plenty of good, orthodox, unexciting Christians in the persons of the Ashleighs and her own family, thought him all the more interesting for his candor; and even began to wonder if she might not be reclaiming this fascinating reprobate from his erring ways, by showing him a little kindness and encouragement. It isn't easy to condemn a person severely, who not only condemns himself in advance, but exalts you in a way altogether novel and flattering; and though Sybil was well used to being petted and cared for, even Lion, with all his fondness for her, had never admitted that her presence was his only heaven.

To the curate, however, Gareth simply showed himself as he was, a bright, cleverish, languidly cynical man about town, sufficiently gentlemanly and amusing, but not troubled with over-strictness of morals, nor careful to assume them because his companion wore a white cravat, and had charge of a rural parish; and Lion, who could go his own way without being

a prig, listened and laughed and made him welcome; but had as little notion of introducing him to Sybil or Jenny as of flying. He never even mentioned the family by name, and Gareth followed his example.

It happened, however, that on the very next day, as Sybil was on her way to visit a poor woman on the other side of Chadleigh Heath, she encountered Mr. Vane strolling along with so careless an air, that he might have been an old resident in the place instead of a casual visitor, only that no old resident could have brought such a vivid crimson to her cheeks, such startled pleasure and surprise to her eyes. It had been rather dull at home of late. Ever since mamma had made Mrs. Jacobson's acquaintance, an event which was sure to happen in time, Sybil's nascent intimacy at Birchwood had been silently vetoed; and now that Adelaide also was gone (she had been married to Captain Lonsdale in the spring), Dilworth had lost its chief attraction for her. True, Jenny had been allowed to "come out" since then; but there had been no particular gaieties of late to come out for; and only the promise of a dance at Squire Chawler's to look forward to. It was all very stupid together; and Sybil could not help thinking of those lively lunches at the Jacobsons', with Gareth Vane waiting on her, and of the flattering speeches which had made the time pass so pleasantly. She wondered whether she should ever see him again, whether mamma would not let her call on Mrs. Jacobson and return that book of his; and whether, if she did, she should hear anything about him. Altogether he was a good deal in her mind just then; and now, when she saw him so suddenly before her, surprise and pleasure almost took away her powers of speech; and for the moment, at any rate, Gareth had the triumph of thinking that the object of his pursuit was gained. Would a woman who was really indifferent to him color so richly and stop short, with such a lovely, wondering brightness in her eyes? His own heart beat faster than usual at the sight; but the man of the world had greater mastery over himself than the inexperienced girl; and he met her eyes with smiling self-possession.

"Miss Dysart, this is delightful. I was just thinking of you; and you come to meet me as if in answer to my thoughts. Did some good spirit lead you?"

He had taken her hand in speaking,

and he was almost sure now that it trembled a little as she answered him.

"No, indeed. I am only going to visit some of my poor people; but what brought you here, Mr. Vane? I thought you were in London."

"No; I have taken lodgings in this neighborhood for a while to do some literary work. Are you vexed at it?"

"Vexed? No, Mr. Vane. Why?" And she blushed deeper than ever at the idea.

"Because you looked so astonished at the mere sight of me."

"That was because I fancied you were ever so far away. I did not even know whether I should ever see you again. Indeed, I had just been wondering — But oh, no; of course I was not vexed," said Sybil, breaking off in her answer rather confusedly. What had she been going to confess? Gareth did not ask her.

"I am glad you are not," he said gently, "for it was a great pleasure for me to meet you; and, perhaps, as I see we are going in the same direction, you will not mind my walking a little way with you, will you?"

Sybil was rather startled; but she had not the courage to say no. It might not be quite right; but what was she to do? She had no right to order him to take another path because he happened to be going her way; and then it was so pleasant to see him at her side again. He took his place there without further permission; and by-and-by he said, —

"Where do you think I was dining last night?"

"With the Jacobsons?"

"No, with some one much nearer to you; with perhaps the most fortunate man in the world — to my thinking at any rate — Mr. Ashleigh."

He said the name, looking full at her, in order to judge of its effect, and to his annoyance she certainly colored. There was even a little eagerness, restrained by natural modesty, in her manner as she answered.

"With Mr. Ashleigh? Were you? I am glad. I — I did not think you knew him."

"Nor did I until I met him at my worthy landlord's, the previous day. I had often heard of him, however."

Sybil was silent. She was wondering how the two men had got on together, and what Gareth thought of her *fiancé*. She was aware that he knew that she was engaged.

After a second, he added, —

"I was glad to go: glad and vexed, both. I am interested in young Mr. Ashleigh."

Sybil glanced up at him with a kind of shy questioning.

"Why were you vexed? Didn't you — like him? I am sorry. Of course, I know that living always in the country, and — and being a clergyman, and all that, makes him not quite — not like you and some London men; and he has queer ideas about things. I don't understand them, but some people think they are right; and he is very good to the poor people. I had wished that he knew you."

"She is apologizing for him!" said Gareth to himself. "No woman really in love ever did that for him to another man. Understand him? No, I don't suppose she does in the least; nor he her."

Aloud he said, —

"Thank you very much. But why should you think I don't like him? I assure you that I thought him a most estimable young fellow. I was jealous of him, of course; envious, if you like. He certainly seems to me the most enviable man in the world, and I only hope he doesn't take his blessings too coolly. In his place I'm afraid I should even find it difficult to appear to do so."

"Ah! Mr. Ashleigh is not such an enthusiastic person as you; besides, he may have troubles like other people as well," said Sybil, smiling; but she could not help understanding what was the particular blessing alluded to, and wondering whether Lion did value it as he ought. Gareth had seemed to doubt his doing so.

Of course it was not many days before Lion found out that his late guest and his betrothed were known to one another. Gareth had no intention of concealing the fact; and as they all met in the churchyard on the following Sunday it became at once apparent. Too much so, in fact, for Lion was both astonished and annoyed, and took an early opportunity of asking Sybil where on earth she had made acquaintance with "that Bohemian fellow, Gareth Vane? He seems wonderfully at home with you!" and though Sybil's explanation was of course all that could be wished, the annoyance did not die out. She had blushed deeply while answering, and her tone had something of offence in its accent. Perhaps Lion's, on the other hand, had been too sultan-like; but he had been startled by the palpable air of intimacy in Gareth's whole manner and bear-

ing towards his *fiancée*; and the knowledge that the intimacy had begun under Matt Jacobson's roof did not tend to increase his liking for the owners of Birchwood or their friends. He was heartily sorry Sybil had ever gone to the house; yet when all was told she had said nothing of the flowers or poems; nor of the walk across the heath, and the fact (which she was already regretting) that she had allowed her companion in that excursion to elicit from her that she generally took the same pilgrimage on Wednesdays, and alone.

Poor Sybil! she had felt she was doing wrong when she made the admission; felt only too keenly that both her mother and sister, nay, even light-hearted Adelaide Ashleigh, would have been utterly shocked at the idea of her doing so; but somehow Gareth put his questions in such a way that it would have seemed almost impossible to leave them unanswered without being discourteous or unkind; and it was already growing so difficult to be unkind to him that she had not the heart to try it. Besides, she only told the truth; and why need she suppose he would take advantage of it? Still, the words were hardly out of her lips before she repented them; and not for worlds would she have had Lion aware of her imprudence.

If he remained in ignorance of it, however, there were two other people who had watched her walk across the heath with curious and condemning eyes, and of whom she never thought: Isaac Jowl, the herb-seller, and a tall, grave-looking, middle-aged gentleman who, having alighted at Chadleigh station, had strayed from the path in crossing the heath; and, desecrating the herbalist's ruinous cottage in the distance, had made for it in order to ask his whereabouts. Finding old Isaac dawdling in his garden he asked a little more.

"It's not much of a place for size, Chadleigh End, is it?"

"Eh, no, not to-day; but 'tis growin' ivery hour. I remembers it nowt but the park wi' a whean cottages round, an' one or two gentry's houses scattered about like. 'Twas a decent place then; but now theer's villases and cottage-ornys an' lodgeses, all filled up with fine second-rate kind o' folk enough to make yer sick; an' young skipjacks o' doctors to look arter 'em; an' not content wi' that either, but pokin' their noses into the poor people's 'ouses as well, an' robbin' honest men o' theer bread."

The tall gentleman laughed, glancing
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIII. 1687

upwards at the board over Mr. Jowl's doorway.

"Ah, you belong to the unlicensed fraternity," he said cheerfully. "I don't wonder yo' have a grudge against your supplanters. And so there are a good many villas about here. Do you know if there are any to let? There's a place called — let me see — ah! Hillbrow, which was once recommended to me, but I fancy it's not empty at present."

"Then yer fancies right. 'Tis a widdier lady lives theer wi' her two gals, an' has done this nine year. Pretty gals they be. Theer's one o' them gone past a moment back wi' a young man. I were lookin' at 'em when you come by. He, he, he! 'twere a treat to see 'em, it were."

"You are fond of the young lady?" suggested the stranger pleasantly; but was snubbed with decision.

"No, I ben't. 'Tis a stuck-up pink an' white doll; an' her mother turned away a servant gal onst fur just coming 'ere to consult me, the venomous old hag. But 'taint fur that reason I'm fain an' glad to see the lass theer, but because she's engaged to be married to the man as put 'er mother up to 'er spitefulness, the parson here, as imperdent, highflyin', dogmatical a young jackanapes as iver you see; and — he, he, he! you look at 'em yourself. Theer they go. Now, shouldn't you say they was loyers by the sight on 'em?"

The gentleman looked out as directed. Gareth and Sybil were still in sight, the former's tall, graceful figure and shapely head slightly bent over his companion, very noticeable on that broad, furze-covered expanse. Sybil was on his other side. You could not see much of her beyond a pale blue parasol and dress. The stranger's violent start had no reference to her.

"That is not a clergyman," he said sharply; and old Isaac rubbed his wrinkled, dirty hands together, and broke into a jeering laugh.

"Noa, sir, it aint, an' that's the fun of it. 'Tis a fast-livin' young gent from Lunnon as is stayin' at a farm'ouse near by, fur the sake o' young miss theer as I gather from one o' the farm gals. Pretty thick too they seems, don't they? an' that's not their first meetin' as I could swear. I was under Box 'ill one day c'lectin' yarbs when I see 'em coming along together, he leadin' 'er 'orse. She'd a bunch o' flowers in 'er buzzum, an' 'ad gived some on 'em to him, an' he was puttin' o' 'em in 'is. Heh, but Muster Parson 'll have his comb cut fine an' short

when he finds 'isself jilted an' his young ooman gone off wi' another party. He'll not crow quite so loud then, eh, sir, what d'you think?"

"I think he has certainly cause for jealousy at present, and that I must be going on. Good-day to you, friend," said the stranger; but though he suited the action to the word, he paused before he had gone many steps, and again looked after the two figures, now barely visible in the distance, with gravely thoughtful eyes.

"After all," he said to himself, "it was for these girls and their selfish, cruel mother that my poor hapless darling was cast upon the world. Why should I interfere to save her? I only wish it were not Helen's brother. I suppose it is retributive. But she must be a fickle, good-for-nothing girl anyhow."

Some other people began to say the same of poor Sybil about then. Of all places in the world where it is impossible to keep anything, however trifling, to yourself, and where scandal is the staple food and daily delight, give me a country village within easy reach of London; and perhaps old Jowl's intimacy with "the servant gal" community was prejudicial to Miss Dysart in more houses than people who don't listen to back-stairs gossip could easily believe.

Perhaps, too, Mrs. Jacobson had been imprudent in jesting about Mr. Vane's passion for his "lily maid." She let her tongue run on about it somewhat freely at the De Boonyens' one day; and Mrs. de Boonyen listened greedily, and next day drove off in state, bearing Horatia Maude with her, to call at Dilworth Rectory, where, having veiled her triumph under a grave show of commiseration, she dropped so many hints about the deplorable laxity and imprudence of "some" young ladies, and about Mrs. Dysart's way of bringing up girls never having been the same as hers, that when she was gone, the rector's wife indulged in one of the heartiest laughs she had enjoyed for some time, and told her husband that Lion ought to be vain.

"Fancy, those dear De Boonyens haven't given up all hopes of him yet; I suppose it is that devoted mother's last effort before his marriage, poor fellow; but she positively brought her unfortunate little girl here to-day decked out in all her smartest clothes and looking more miserable and hideous than usual; and sat abusing our Hillbrow girls and gazing at her own offspring with a 'Look on this picture

and on that' air which was almost pathetic and Hamlet-like."

At that moment Jenny Dysart was putting the finishing touches to the dress Sybil was to wear at a party they were both going to that night at Squire Chawler's. Their mother was not able to go with them; but Mrs. Chawler had promised to chaperon the girls herself if they were allowed to come; and as the dance was being partly given as a farewell to Lionel's bachelorhood, it would have been churlish to refuse; but while Sybil stood by watching her sister's nimble fingers as they draped a fold here, or inserted a flower there, there was an unwonted cloud on her brow, and a brilliancy in her eyes which she could not dispel. Only the previous day she had met Mrs. Jacobson, who had told her that she was going to the party and was taking Gareth with her, and her heart beat fast even now as she thought of it.

It beat faster still when she entered Mrs. Chawler's drawing-room some three hours later, and saw Gareth leaning against a doorway; not dancing, but with a wearied, impatient expression, as if he were waiting for some one. She was glad that the joint greetings of her hostess and Lion obliged her to look away; but, through them all, she felt that he had seen her, and was only waiting till she was free.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FOLK LULLABIES.

A nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

INFANCY is a great mystery. We know that we each have gone over that stage in human life, though even this much is not always quite easy to realize. But what else do we know about it? Something by observation, something by intuition; by experience hardly anything at all. We have as much personal acquaintance with a lake-dwelling or stone-age infant as with our proper selves at the time when we were passing through the *avatar* of babyhood. The recollections of our earliest years are at most only as the confused remembrance of a morning dream, which at one end fades into the unconsciousness of sleep, whilst at the other it mingles with the realities of awaking. And yet, as a fact, we did not sleep through all the dawn of our life, nor were we unconscious only we

were different from what we now are: the term "thinking animal" did not then fit us so well. We were less reasonable and less material. Babies have a way of looking at you that makes you half suspect they belong to a separate order of beings. You speculate as to whether they have not invisible wings, which drop off afterwards as do the birth wings of the young ant. There is one thing, however, in which the baby is very human, very manlike. Of all new-born creatures he is the least happy. You may sometimes see a little child crying softly to himself with a look of world woe on his face that is positively appalling. Perhaps human existence, like a new pair of shoes, is very uncomfortable till one gets accustomed to it. Anyhow the child, being for some reason or reasons exceedingly disposed to vex its heart, needs much soothing. In this highly civilized country a good many mothers are in the habit of going to the nearest druggist for the means to tranquillize their offspring, with the result that these latter are not unfrequently rescued from the sea of sorrows in the most final and expeditious way. In less advanced states of society another expedient has been resorted to from time immemorial — to wit, the cradle song.

Babies show an early appreciation of rhythm. They rejoice in measured noise, whether it takes the form of words, music, or the jingle of a bunch of keys. In the way of poetry we are afraid they must be admitted to have a perverse preference for what goes by the name of sing-song. It will be a long time before the infantine public are brought round to Walt Whitman's views on versification. For the rest, they are not very severe critics. The small ancient Roman asked for nothing better than the song of his nurse, —

Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Aut dormi, aut lacta.

This two-line lullaby constitutes one of the few but sufficing proofs which have come down to us of the existence among the people of old Rome of a sort of folk verse not by any means resembling the Latin classics, but bearing a considerable likeness to the *canti popolari* of the modern Italian peasant. It may be said parenthetically that the study of dialect tends altogether to the conviction that there are country people now living in Italy to whom, rather than to Cicero, we should go if we want to know what style of speech was in use among the humbler subjects of the Cæsars. The let-

tered language of the cultivated classes changes; the spoken tongue of the uneducated remains the same; or, if it too undergoes a process of change, the rate at which it moves is to the other what the pace of a tortoise is to the speed of an express train. About eight hundred years ago a handful of Lombards went to Sicily, where they still preserve the Lombard idiom. The Ober-Engadiner could hold converse with his remote ancestors who took refuge in the Alps three or four centuries before Christ; the Aragonese colony at Alghero, in Sardinia, yet discourses in Catalan; the Roumanian language still contains terms and expressions which, though dissimilar to both Latin and standard Italian, find their analogues in the dialects of those eastward-facing "Latin plains" whence, in all probability, the people of Roumania sprang. But we must return to our lullabies.

There exists another Latin cradle song, not indeed dating from classical times, but which, like the laconic effusion of the Roman nurse, forms a sort of landmark in the history of poetry. It is composed in the person of the Virgin Mary, and was in bygone days believed to have been actually sung by her. Good authorities pronounce it to be one of the earliest poems extant of the Christian era.

Dormi fili, dormi ! mater
Cantat unigenito :
Dormi, puer, dormi ! pater
Nato clamat parvulo :
Millies tibi laudes canimus
Mille, mille, millies,

Dormi, cor, et meus thronus ;
Dormi matris jubulum ;
Aurium celestis sonus,
Et suave sibilum !
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

Ne quid desit, sternam rosis,
Sternam fœnum violis,
Pavimentum hyacinthis
Et præsepe liliis,
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

Si vis musicam, pastores
Convocabo protinus ;
Illis nulli sunt priores ;
Nemo canit castius,
Millies tibi laudes canimus
Mille, mille, millies.

Everybody who is in Rome at Christmas-tide makes a point of visiting Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, the church which stands to the right of the Capitol, where once the temple of Jupiter Feretrius is supposed to have stood. What is at that season to be seen in the Ara Cœli is well

enough known—to one side a *presepio*, or manger, with the ass, the ox, St. Joseph, the Virgin, and the child on her knee; to the other side a throng of little Roman children rehearsing in their infantine voices the story that is pictured opposite. The scene may be taken as typical of the cult of the infant Saviour, which, under one form or another, has existed distinct and separable from the main stem of Christian worship ever since a voice in Judæa bade man seek after the divine in the stable of Bethlehem. It is almost a commonplace to say that Christianity brought fresh and peculiar glory alike to infancy and to motherhood. A new sense came into the words of the oracle,—

Thee in all children, the eternal Child.

And the mother, sublimely though she appears against the horizon of antiquity, yet rose to a higher rank—because the highest—at the founding of the new faith. Especially in art she left the second place that she might take the first. The sentiment of maternal love, as illustrated, as transfigured, in the love of the Virgin for her divine child, furnished the great Italian painters with their master *motif*, whilst in his humble fashion the obscure folk poet exemplifies the selfsame thought. We are not sure that the rude rhymes of which the following is a rendering do not convey, as well as can be conveyed in articulate speech, the glory and the grief of the Dresden Madonna.

Sleep, oh sleep, dear Baby mine,
King Divine;
Sleep, my Child, in sleep recline;
Lullaby, mine Infant fair,
Heaven's King
All glittering,
Full of grace as lilies rare.

Why dost weep, my Babe? Alas!
Cold winds that pass
Vex, or is't the little ass?
Lullaby, O Paradise;
Of my heart
Thou Saviour art.
On Thy face I press a kiss.

Wouldst thou learn so speedily
Pain to try,
To heave a sigh?
Sleep, for thou shalt see the day
Of dire scath,
Of dreadful death,
To bitter scorn a shame, a prey.

Beauty mine, sleep peacefully;
Heaven's Monarch see!
With my veil I cover Thee.

Lullaby, my Spouse, my Lord,
Fairer Child,
Pure, undefiled,
Thou by all my soul adored.

Lo! the shepherd band draws nigh;
Horns they ply
Thee their King to glorify.

Lullaby, my soul's Delight;
For Israel,
Faithless and fell,
Thee with cruel death would smite.

Sleep, sleep, Thou who dost heaven impart;
My Lord Thou art:

Sleep as I press Thee to my heart.
Poor the place where Thou dost lie,
Earth's loveliest!
Yet take Thy rest;
Sleep, my Child, and lullaby.

It would be interesting to know if Mrs. Browning ever heard any one of the many variants of this lullaby before writing her poem "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus." The version given above was communicated to us by a resident at Valauria, in the heart of the Ligurian Alps. In that district it is sung in the churches on Christmas Eve, when out abroad the mountains sleep soundly in their snows and a stray wolf is not an impossible apparition, nothing reminding you that you are within a day's journey of the citron groves of Mentone. An old English carol, current in the time of Henry IV., has much affinity with the Italian sacred cradle songs,—

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere
fode;
How xalt thou sufferin be naylid on the
rode.

In Sicily there are a great number of pious lullabies of a lighter and less serious sort. The Sicilian poet relates how once, when the Madunazza was mending St. Joseph's clothes, the Bambineddu cried in his cradle because no one was attending to him; so the archangel Raphael came down and rocked him, and said three sweet little words to him, "Lullaby, Jesus, Son of Mary!" Another time, when the child was older and the mother was going to visit St. Anne, he wept because he wished to go too. The mother let him accompany her on condition that he would not break St. Anne's bobbins. Yet another time the Virgin went to the fair to buy flax, and the child said that he too would like to have a fairing. The Virgin buys him a tambourine, and angels descend to listen to his playing. Such stories are endless; some, no doubt, are invented on the spur of the moment, but

the larger portion are scraps of old legendary lore. Not a few of the popular beliefs relating to the infant Jesus may be traced to the apocryphal Gospels, which were extensively circulated during the earlier Christian centuries.

Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, in his "*Usi Natalizi*," quotes a charming Spanish lullaby addressed to any ordinary child, but having reference to the Holy Babe:—

The Baby Child of Mary,
Now cradle He has none;
His father is a carpenter,
And he shall make Him one.

The lady good St. Anna,
The lord St. Joachim,
They rock the Baby's cradle,
That sleep may come to Him.

Then sleep thou too, my baby,
My little heart so dear;
The Virgin is beside thee,
The Son of God is near.

When they are old enough to understand the meaning of words children are sure to be interested up to a certain point by these saintly fables, but, taken as a whole, the songs of the south give us the impression that the coming of Christmas kindles the imagination of the southern mother rather than that of the southern child. On the north side of the Alps it is otherwise; there is scarcely need to say that in the *Vaterland* Christmas is before all the children's feast. We, who have borrowed many of the German Yule-tide customs, have left out the *Christkind*; and it is well that we have done so. Transplanted to foreign soil, that poetic piece of extra-belief would have become a mockery. As soon try to naturalize Kolyada, the Slavonic white-robed New-year girl. The *Christkind* in his mythical attributes is nearer to Kolyada than to the Italian *Bambinello*. He belongs to the people, not to the Church. He is not swathed in jewelled swaddling clothes; his limbs are free, and he has wings that carry him wheresoever good children abide. There is about him all the dreamy charm of lands where twilight is long and shade and shine intermingle softly, and where the earth's wintry winding-sheet is more beautiful than her April bride-gown. The most popular of German lullabies is a truly Teutonic mixture of piety, wonderlore, and homeliness. Wagner has introduced the music to which it is sung into his "*Siegfried-Idyll*." We have to thank a Heidelberg friend for the text.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
Your father tends the sheep;
Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
The sky is full of sheep;
The stars the lambs of heaven are,
For whom the shepherd moon doth care:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep:
The Christ Child owns a sheep;
He is Himself the Lamb of God;
The world to save, to death He trod:
Sleep, baby, sleep.

In Denmark children are sung to sleep with a cradle hymn which is believed (so we are informed by a youthful correspondent) to be "very old." It has seven stanzas, of which the first runs, "Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still; as sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood, as the flowers in the meadow. God the Father has said, 'Angels stand on watch where mine, the little ones, are in bed.'" A correspondent at Warsaw (still more youthful) sends us the even-song of Polish children.

The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might!
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

O Lord, Thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel thy might;
Turn thine eye on us as we sleep,
And give us all good-night.

Shine, stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of his power and might;
May all things evil from us fly:
O stars, good-night, good-night!

Is this "*Dobra Noc*" of strictly popular origin? From internal evidence we should say that it is not. It seems, however, to be extremely popular in the ordinary sense of the word. Before us lie two or three settings of it by Polish musicians.

The Italians call lullabies *ninne-nanne*, a term used by Dante when he makes Forese predict the ills which are to overtake the dames of Florence.

E se l'anteveder qui non m' inganna,
Prima fien triste che le guance impeli
Colui che mo si consola con *nanna*.

Some etymologists have sought to connect *nanna* with *nenia* or *νηνία*, but its most apparent relationship is with *vavvapiouara*, the modern Greek name for cradle songs, which is derived from a root

signifying the singing of a child to sleep. The *ninne-nanne* of the various Italian provinces are to be found scattered here and there through volumes of folk poesy, and no attempt has yet been made to collate and compare them. Signor Dal Medico did indeed publish, some ten years ago, a separate collection of Venetian nursery rhymes, but his initiative has not been followed up. The difficulty we have had in obtaining the little work just mentioned is characteristic of the way in which Italian printed matter vanishes out of all being; instead of passing into the obscure but secure limbo into which much of our own literature enters, it attains nothing short of *nirvāna* — a happy state of non-existence. The inquiries of several Italian booksellers led to no other conclusion than that the book in question was not to be had for love or money; and most likely we should still have been waiting for it were it not for the courtesy of the Baron Giovanni di Sardagna, who, on hearing that it was wanted by an English student of folk lore, borrowed from the author the only copy in his possession and made therefrom a verbatim transcript. The following is one of Signor Dal Medico's lullabies: —

Hush! lulla, lullaby! So mother sings;
For hearken, 'tis the midnight bell that rings.
But, darling, not thy mother's bell is this:
St. Lucy's priests it calls to prayer, I wis.
St. Lucy gave thee eyes — a matchless pair —
And gave the Magdalen her golden hair;
Thy cheeks their hue from heaven's angels
have;
Her little loving mouth St. Martha gave.
Love's mouth, sweet mouth, that Florence hath
for home,
Now tell me where love springs, and how doth
come? . . .
With music and with song doth love arise,
And then its end it hath in tears and sighs.

The question and answer as to the beginning and end of love run through all the songs of Italy, and in nearly every case the reply proceeds from Florence. The personality of the answerer changes; sometimes it is a little wild bird; on one occasion it is a preacher. And the idea has been suggested that the last is the original form, and that the preacher of Florence who preaches against love is none other than Jeronimo Savonarola.

Another of Signor Dal Medico's *ninne-nanne* presents several points of interest.

O Sleep, O Sleep, O thou beguiler, Sleep,
Beguile this child, and in beguilement keep,

Keep him three hours, and keep him moments
three;

Until I call beguile this child for me.
And when I call I'll call: — My root, my heart,
The people say my only wealth thou art.
Thou art my only wealth; I tell thee so.
Now, bit by bit, this boy to sleep will go;
He falls and falls to sleeping bit by bit,
Like the green wood what time the fire is lit,
Like to green wood that never flame can dart,
Heart of thy mother, of thy father heart!
Like to green wood, that never flame can shoot.
Sleep thou, my cradled hope, sleep thou, my
root,
My cradled hope, my spirit's strength and stay;
Mother, who bore thee, wears her life away;
Her life she wears away, and all day long
She goes a-singing to her child this song.

Now, in the first place, the comparison of the child's gradual falling asleep with the slow ignition of fresh-cut wood is the common property of all the populations whose ethnical centre of gravity lies in Venice. We have seen an Istriot version of it, and we have heard it sung by a countrywoman at San Martino di Castrozza in the Trentino; so that, at all events, *Italia redenta* and *irredenta* has a community of song. The second thing that calls for remark is the direct invocation of sleep. A distinct little group of cradle ditties displays this characteristic. "Come, sleep," cries the Grecian mother, "come, sleep, take him away; come, sleep, and make him slumber. Carry him to the vineyard of the Aga, to the gardens of the Aga. The Aga will give him grapes; his wife, roses; his servant, pancakes." A second Greek lullaby must have sprung from a luxuriant imagination. It comes from Schio: —

Sleep, carry off my son, o'er whom three sentinels do watch,
Three sentinels, three warders brave, three
mates you cannot match.
These guards: the sun upon the hill, the eagle
on the plain,
And Boreas, whose chilly blasts do hurry o'er
the main.
The sun went down into the west, the eagle
sank to sleep,
Chill Boreas to his mother sped across the
briny deep.
"My son, where were you yesterday? Where
on the former night
Or with the moon or with the stars did you
contend in fight?
Or with Orion did you strive — though him I
deem a friend?"
"Nor with the stars, nor with the moon, did I
in strife contend,
Nor with Orion did I fight, whom for your
friend I hold,
But guarded in a silver cot a child as bright as
gold."

The Greeks have a curious way of looking at sleep: they seem absorbed in the thought of what dreams may come—if indeed the word dream rightly describes their conception of that which happens to the soul while the body takes its rest—if they do not rather cling to some vague notion of a real severance between matter and spirit during sleep.

The mothers of La Bresse, (near Lyons) invoke sleep under the name of *le souin-souin*. We wish we could give here the sweet, inedited melody which accompanies these lines.

Le poupon voudrait bien domir ;
Le souin-souin ne veut pas venir.
Souin-souin, vené, vené, vené ;
Souin-souin, vené, vené, donc !

The Chippewaya Indians were in the habit of personifying sleep as an immense insect called Weeng, which some one once saw at the top of a tree engaged in making a buzzing noise with its wings. Weeng produced sleep by sending fairies, who beat the foreheads of tired mortals with very small clubs.

Sleep acts the part of questioner in the lullaby of the Finland peasant woman, who sings to her child in its bark cradle, "Sleep, little field bird; sleep sweetly, pretty redbreast. God will wake thee when it is time. Sleep is at the door, and says to me, 'Is not there a sweet child here who fain would sleep? a young child wrapped in swaddling clothes, a fair child resting beneath his woollen coverlet?'" A questioning sleep makes his appearance likewise in a Sicilian *ninna*.

My little son, I wish you well, your mother's comfort when in grief.
My pretty boy, what can I do? Will you not give one hour's relief?
Sleep has just past, and me he asked if this my son in slumber lay.
Close, close your little eyes, my child; send your sweet breath far leagues away.
You are the fount of rose-water; you are with every beauty fraught.
Sleep, darling son, my pretty one, my golden button richly wrought.

A vein of tender reproach is sprung in that inquiry, "Ca n' ura ri riposu 'un vuorari?" The mother appeals to the better feeling, to the Christian charity as it were, of the small but implacable tyrant. Another time she waxes yet more eloquent. "Son, my comfort, I am not happy. There are women who laugh and enjoy themselves while I chafe my very life out. Listen to me, child; beautiful is the lullaby and all the folk are asleep—

but thou, no! My wise little son, I look about for thy equal; nowhere do I find him. Thou art mamma's consolation. There, do sleep just a little while." So pleads the Sicilian; her Venetian sister tries to soften the obduracy of her infant by still more plaintive remonstrances. "Hushaby; but if thou dost not sleep, hear me. Thou hast robbed me of my heart and of all my sentiments. I really do not know for what cause thou lamentest, and never will have done lamenting." On this occasion the appeal seems to be made to some purpose, for the song concludes, "The eyes of my joy are closing; they open a little and then they shut. Now is my joy at peace with me and no longer at war." So happy an issue does not always arrive. It may happen that the perverse babe flatly refuses to listen to the mother's voice, sing she never so sweetly. Perhaps he might have something to say for himself could he but speak, at any rate in the matter of midday slumbers. It must no doubt be rather trying to be called upon to go straight to sleep just when the sunbeams are dancing round and round and wildly inviting you to make your first studies in optics. Most often the long-suffering mother, if she does not see things in this light, acts as though she did. Her patience has no limit; her caresses are never done; with untiring love she watches the little wakeful, wilful culprit—

Chi piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia.

But it is not always so; there are times when she loses all patience, and temper into the bargain. Such a contingency is only too faithfully reflected in a Sicilian *ninna* which ends with the utterance of a horrible wish that Doctor Death would come and quiet the recalcitrant baby once for all. We ought to add that this same murderous lullaby is nevertheless brim-full of protestations of affection and compliments; the child is told that his eyes are the finest imaginable, his cheeks two roses, his countenance like the moon's. The amount of incense which the Sicilian mother burns before her offspring would suffice to fill any number of cathedrals. Every moment she breaks forth into words such as "Hush! child of my breath, bunch of jasmine, handful of oranges and lemons; go to sleep, my son, my beauty: I have got to take thy portrait." It has been remarked that a person who resembled an orange would scarcely be very attractive, whence it is inferred that the comparison came into

fashion at the date when the orange-tree was first introduced into Sicily and when its fruit was esteemed a rare novelty. A little girl is described as a spray of lilies and a bouquet of roses. A little boy is assured that his mother prefers him to gold or fine silver. If she lost him where would she find a beloved son like to him? A child dropped out of heaven, a laurel garland, one under whose feet spring up flowers? Here is a string of blandishments prettily wound up in a prayer:—

Hush, my little round-faced daughter; thou art like the stormy sea.
Daughter mine of finest amber, godmother sends sleep to thee.
Fair thy name, and he who gave it was a gallant gentleman.
Mirror of my soul, I marvel when thy loveliness I scan.
Flame of love, be good. I love thee better far than life I love.
Now my child sleeps. Mother Mary, look upon her from above.

The form taken by parental flattery shows the tastes of nations and of individuals. The other day a young and successful English artist was heard to exclaim with profound conviction, whilst contemplating his son and heir, twenty-four hours old, "There is a great deal of *tone* about that baby!"

The Hungarian nurse tells her charge that his cot must be of rosewood and his swaddling clothes of rainbow threads spun by angels. The evening breeze is to rock him, the kiss of the falling star to awake him; she would have the breath of the lily touch him gently, and the butterflies fan him with their brilliant wings. Like the Sicilian, the Magyar has an innate love of splendor. There is an almost absurd difference between this ambitious style of lullaby and the quaint little German song, of which we owe a translation to "Hans Breitmann,"—

Sleep, baby, sleep.
I can see two little sheep;
One is black and one is white;
And if you do not sleep to-night,
First the black, and then the white,
Will give your little toes a bite.

Corsica has a *ninna-nanna* into which the whole genius of its people seem to have passed. The village *fêtes*, with dancing and music, the flocks and herds and sheep-dogs, even the mountains, stars, and sea, and the perfumed air off the *macchi*, come back to the traveller in that island as he reads.

Hushaby, my darling boy;
Hushaby, my hope and joy.
You're my little ship so brave
Sailing boldly o'er the wave;
One that tempests doth not fear,
Nor the winds that blow from high.
Sleep awhile, my baby dear;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

After you were born full soon
You were christened all aright;
Godmother she was the moon,
Godfather the sun so bright;
All the stars in heaven told
Wore their necklaces of gold.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Pure and balmy was the air,
Lustrous all the heavens were,
And the seven planets shed
All their virtues on your head;
And the shepherds made a feast,
Lasting for a week at least.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

Nought was heard but minstrelsy,
Nought but dancing met the eye,
In Cassoni's vale and wood
And in all the neighborhood;
Hawk and Blacklip, staunch and true,
Feasted in their fashion too.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

You are savory, sweetly blowing;
You are thyme of incense smelling.
Upon Mount Basella growing,
Upon Mount Cassoni dwelling;
You the hyacinth of the rocks,
Which is pasture for the flocks.
Fast awhile in slumber lie;
Sleep, my child, and hushaby.

At the sight of a new-born babe the Corsican involuntarily sets to work making auguries. The mountain shepherds place great faith in divination based on the examination of the shoulder-blades of animals: according to the local tradition the famous prophecy of the greatness of Napoleon was drawn up after this method. The nomad tribes of central Asia search the future in precisely the same way. Corsican lullabies are often prophetic. An old grandmother predicts, as she rocks her grandson's cradle, that when he grows up the salt sea-water will turn to balm, and then goes on to say that if he is driven into a corner he will make a splendid bandit.

It is the custom of all mothers to concern themselves deeply in the matrimonial prospects of their infants. The families who are to have the honor of an alliance with the baby wonders are natu-

rally considered to be most happy. "My boy stands on the bridge," sings an Armenian mother (in a song given to us by Dr. Issaverdenz, of San Lazzaro), "he stands on the bridge, and he wears earrings of gold. Carry the tidings to his mother-in-law; let her be proud to hear of so fine a thing."

Japan, as is well known, is the paradise of childhood, and a Japanese cradle song shall be the last of our illustrations. By the kindness of the author of "Child Life in Japan," we are enabled to print it in the original.

Nén-né ko yō — nén-né ko yō
Nén-né no mori wa — doko ye yuta
Ano yama koyété — sato ye yuta
Sato no miyagé ni — nani morota
Tén-tén taiko ni — sho no fuyé
Oki-agari koboshima inu hari-ko.

Signifying in English —

Lullaby, baby; lullaby, baby.

Baby's nursey where has she gone?

Over those mountains she's gone to her village,

And from her village what will she bring?

A tumtum drum and a bamboo flute,

A "daruma" (which will never turn over) and a paper dog.

Only in one direction have our efforts to find lullabies proved fruitless. America, it seems, has no nursery rhymes except those which are still current in the Old World. We were lately speaking on this subject to a distinguished American who has made his home among us. "Our lullabies," he said, "are the same as yours, but we have also a few Dutch ones." And he told us how, when he was at a small frontier town on the Rhine, he heard a woman singing her child a song. It was the old story. If the child would not sleep it would be punished; its shoes would be taken away. If it would go to sleep at once, Santa Claus would bring it a beautiful gift. Words and air were familiar to him, and after a moment's reflection he remembered hearing this identical lullaby sung in the Far West of America.

EVELYN CARRINGTON.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOLING O'T."

CHAPTER I.

It was a few days before Easter, and a solemn dinner had been celebrated in the new residence of Richard Frere, Esq., H— Square, Hyde Park.

Only two of the various carriages which had awaited their owners remained. The red-waistcoated, red-nosed veteran who stood by the strip of carpet leading from the entrance to the kerb, to convey the orders of "Jeames" and the auxiliary forces to the coachmen, was counting the amount of small silver already received, by the bright gas in the fanlight over the door.

Within, the festivity (if so inappropriate a word may be used) was virtually over. The last remnant of dessert had been cleared away, and divided by the "cook and housekeeper" impartially (according to her standard) between the ladies and gentlemen of the second table and the "supers." The butler had conscientiously locked away all unopened bottles, and, with the assistance of his *confrères*, finished most of those already tasted, only reserving a decanter or two of the choicer sorts for his private cellar. The white-capped "purveyor's men" had gathered up their ice machinery and departed; still a small, well-appointed brougham, drawn by a steady, handsome horse, and a more showy carriage, with a big, restless, fiery chestnut, lingered.

Up-stairs in one of the handsomely furnished drawing-rooms, four persons were gathered round a fire, seldom unacceptable before Easter in London.

A tall, good-looking, elderly man, not thin, not portly, well set up, dressed, and preserved, with pale, clear, cold eyes, a straight nose, and thin lips. Next him, nearest the fire, screening her face with a beautifully painted "rococo" fan, and resting a small black-satin-booted foot on the fender, was a lady, past middle age, whose well-arranged draperies of black velvet showed her full but still graceful figure to the greatest advantage. A downy feather or two, a lappet of fairy-like lace, a couple of sparkling, quivering diamond butterflies, made sufficient apology for a matronly head-dress, which her abundant, nearly black hair might have dispensed with.

One foot was, as I have said, resting on the fender, and one hand touched the low, modern mantelshelf, while her eyes — very full, light-brown eyes — gazed at the fire. The face was not handsome, only the mouth was beautiful.

On her right stood two young men. One tall, slight, very dark, with large, deep-set, handsome eyes, and well-cut chin, the blue-black of a closely shaven beard and moustache showing through his pale, clear skin. A sort of indefina-

ble resemblance to his fair neighbor might have struck a stranger, especially about the mouth, which, though refined, was somewhat full.

The fourth of the party was a short, stout, broad-shouldered man of perhaps thirty, with jewelled studs and a diamond ring. Florid, good-humored looking, and very accurately dressed, yet not quite so easy as the rest. He was speaking.

"It is," he said — "it is perfectly amazing where the money has come from to pay off such an enormous sum! They say the fellows have brought old stockings and boots, by Jove! full of five-franc pieces and napoleons, forty and fifty years old, ready to give all to Thiers. It is more than our people would do, I can tell you!"

He spoke a little thickly — not with a lisp, but as if he brought every word to the tip of his tongue, tasted it, and liked the flavor.

"I should think not," replied the lady, still gazing at the fire, and in soft, sweet, but very clear tones. "Why should our people give their money to Monsieur Thiers?"

"Now — now, Lady Elton! you are too sharp upon a fellow; you know what I mean!"

"How should I?" she returned, with a smile that lit up her face, and lent it a wonderful charm.

"Thiers is all very well for the present," remarked the master of the house, "but the French are far too restless and impractical to remain under his guidance. They will be electing a king or an emperor, and cutting each other's throats before eighteen months are over."

"It is possible," said Lady Elton, as if to the fire; "but they never had such an opportunity of trying constitutionalism before."

"First catch your constitution," observed the tall, dark young man, who had been calmly and openly surveying himself in the vast looking-glass over the mantel-piece.

"Suppose you and I run over to Paris," said the first speaker, "and see how it looks, just for the Easter holidays; I have not been there since the siege."

"I am sure it would give me great pleasure, Darnell," returned the other civilly, "but I have already arranged to go there with Mr. and Mrs. Everard, her sister, and Bertie Leigh."

"Oh, indeed! quite a swell party. Well, we may meet there. But I am keeping you up, Mr. Frere, and I am due

at the Countess of Rothbury's 'small and early;' so good-evening. Good-evening, Lady Elton; good-bye, Max."

"I wish you a very good evening, Mr. Darnell," said the master of the house, with formal politeness.

"Mr. Darnell's carriage," said Max to the butler, who appeared to answer the bell, and the son of the house accompanied the parting guest politely to the door, shaking hands with him there.

"When do you start for Paris?" asked Lady Elton, as the young man returned, and threw himself somewhat wearily into a deep, luxurious easy-chair.

"To-morrow evening, by the tidal train."

There was a silence of a few minutes, and Lady Elton, turning from the fire, looked approvingly round the room, walked slowly to the folding-doors, and inspected the smaller sitting-room, and returned to the fireplace.

"Really, Mr. Frere," she said, "you have done your furnishing very well. May I ask if it is all Jackson and Graham, or did you exercise a right of choice?"

Mr. Frere smiled.

"I am not responsible. Maxwell here exercised a considerable right of choice, which added considerably to the sum total."

"Ah," said the lady, "that accounts for the portraits. Jackson and Graham, or any other highly civilized upholsterer and decorator would have banished your mother and uncle to the portrait-gallery, which no customer of theirs *should* be without. Eh, Max?"

"I suppose so. But in the smaller drawing-room they are inoffensive, and they are really good pictures."

"They are," returned Lady Elton; "and what a capital likeness of poor Joscelyn! Just as he looked at your wedding, Mr. Frere. I thought him the most charming of men, especially as he would not fall in love with me."

"How could he resist?" said Maxwell, with a tinge of mockery.

"Do not quiz your aunt, you disrespectful boy: especially as she has played hostess for you and your father's benefit. Pray do not give another dinner party (a ladies' dinner party I mean) for a couple of months, Mr. Frere. I think these solemn affairs are very awful. Come and dine with me and my Bohemian set on Wednesday, and see how pleasant we can be for half the cost. Am I not a wretch to talk in such a strain?"

"You are very good," said Mr. Frere stiffly, "but you must make allowance for

the deficiencies of a widower's establishment."

"Deficiencies!" cried Lady Elton, again strolling into the other room to look at the portrait of an officer in hussar uniform, with a soft, sweet face, and laughing eyes. "Your *ménage* is only too perfect! How unlike you and your brother were, Mr. Frere. I never could call *you* by your Christian name, though you are my brother-in-law. While he—he is always 'Joscelyn' to me. It was too disobliging of him not to fall in love with me."

"I wish he had!" exclaimed Mr. Frere, with more of animation than he had yet shown; "I wish he had, and then I should not be bored by a modest application to forward the fortunes of his daughters, and find a career for his son."

"His son and daughters!" repeated Lady Elton, "I thought they were provided for by their fine old Irish gentleman of a grandfather."

"Provided for!" said the host, with a sneer; "when did an Irishman provide for anything?"

"I suppose it is their improvidence that makes them such pleasant people," said Lady Elton reflectively. "How many children did poor Joscelyn leave?"

"Two daughters and a son; but Maxwell can tell you more about them than I can," replied Mr. Frere, taking some letters which had come by the last post from a salver presented by the distinguished-looking butler with almost religious reverence.

"Yes; I remember you went over to Ireland for grouse-shooting the last two seasons," said Lady Elton, turning to her nephew; "so I suppose you found pleasant quarters?"

"Wonderfully pleasant!" he exclaimed warmly. "Such ease and comfort, and a hearty welcome; Dungar was no Castle Rackrent, I assure you; everything was well-ordered. Occasionally oddities and incongruities cropped up, but only enough to be amusing and original; and the grandfather, Mr. de Burgh, was a typical highbred gentlemen of the old school,—like Lever's 'Knight of Gwynne,'—but quite incompetent to manage his own affairs. My aunt and cousins, however, had to turn out, because the property is entailed, and goes to a distant relative. Old Mr. de Burgh had no sons."

"It must be very hard for them," said Lady Elton musingly; "are they left quite unprovided for?"

"Not quite," returned Max; then, ad-

ressing his father: "I called to-day at Steenson and Gregg's, as you desired, to ascertain what they knew about Mrs. Joscelyn Frere's resources, and they referred me to a queer little fellow who manages their Irish business. He told me there is something like seven or eight thousand pounds left of her younger child's portion, and that remains a first charge on the estate. It seems the firm raised money for old De Burgh, and this man knows all about the De Burgh affairs, for he is the son of a Dungar tenant, and was recommended to the firm by my uncle two or three and twenty years ago."

"Seven or eight thousand pounds on land!—that means scarce three hundred and fifty a year. Why don't you take it and trade with it, Mr. Frere, and give your sister-in-law six per cent.?" suggested Lady Elton, ringing the bell with the freedom of an *habituée*. "Here is another sister-in-law ready to lend you on the same terms."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Frere coldly, "the firm is not in need of funds; but if you really want a safe investment, consult Steenson. He is a very cautious, prudent adviser. I must say I have often wondered why you withdrew your affairs from his management."

"I dare say you have," said Lady Elton, with her sweetest smile and just a little nod; "but I dare say Max will find out one day that I have mismanaged them myself. My cloak and fur, if you please" (this to the butler). "After southern Italy, I assure you furs are very acceptable, though we are on the borders of April."

There was a short silence, during which Mr. Frere frowned over a letter, and Max hummed "The Last Rose of Summer."

It was broken by the entrance of a stout, supremely respectable woman, in a lace cap and a black silk dress, who carried over one arm a large red Indian cashmere cloak, richly embroidered with silvery white silk and a sable boa.

"Oh, thank you, Gardner," said Lady Elton civilly, and turning to allow the housekeeper to envelop her in her wraps. "I think everything went very well to-day, Gardner; quite creditably."

"I am glad your ladyship is satisfied," replied the sedate Gardner. "Are you warm enough, my lady? it is cold to-night."

"Quite warm enough, thank you. Good-night, Mr. Frere. Good-night, Max; come and see me when you return from

Paris, and tell me how the dear delightful city looks after all her troubles. I suspect those Versailles did quite as much mischief as the poor Communards."

"Let me see you to your carriage," said Max, offering his arm. "Perhaps Mrs. Joscelyn Frere will come to London," said he as they descended the stairs; "though how she is to exist here I cannot imagine. But if she comes, do you feel disposed to call upon her? She is a nice creature, though highly impractical, and your advice —"

"Max," interrupted Lady Elton, turning to look at him, "you are interested in these Irish relatives?"

"Yes, very much interested, and grateful too for some very pleasant days."

"Interested and grateful!" repeated Lady Elton, with strongly marked emphasis. "What remarkable people they must be!"

Max laughed good-humoredly, as he handed his aunt into the brougham that had waited so long.

"Good-night, and *au revoir*."

"Good-night," returned Lady Elton. "Why, Max, it is striking eleven!"

Max slowly ascended the stairs, and met his father coming from the drawing-room, evidently bound for bed.

"You are not going out again, Maxwell!"

"No, sir; I want to write a letter or two before I sleep, as I shall have no time to-morrow."

"Ah, talking of letters, here is one I had to-day from, I suppose, the eldest of those cousins of yours. It is signed 'Grace Frere.' It seems they are coming to London to seek their fortune. Preposterous! Read it, and see if you cannot put them off such a project."

"From Grace!" exclaimed Max quickly, a slight frown contracting his brow for an instant. "Give it to me!" and he waited with visible impatience till his father selected a square, thin letter from a large collection.

Taking it he bade his father a careless good-night, and sprang up-stairs to his own room, a large, luxuriously furnished chamber, with a smaller sleeping apartment beyond. Hastily turning up the gas, Max Frere threw off his coat and waistcoat, and put on a dressing-gown. Then, drawing an easy-chair to the table, and lighting a cigar, he opened the letter.

"DEAR UNCLE," began the girlish, yet not spidery, writing — "My mother de-

sires me to say that we intend leaving for London next week; there is no opening here for a young man of such abilities as my brother's, as she is sure you will think when you know him. Perhaps you could find lodgings for us somewhere near you, three bedrooms and a sitting-room, — or we might do with two bedrooms, — and mamma thinks we must not give more than two pounds a week. We will travel without any servant, for poor dear nurse's only daughter died a month ago, and she must stay to take care of the little children. My mother and sister join me in kindest regards to you and to Max.

"I am your attached niece,

"GRACE FRERE.

"P.S. — I am quite vexed! for I gave this letter to Randal more than a week ago to post, as he was going out, and I have just found it still in his overcoat pocket! I thought that you were perhaps out of town, as you did not answer. So I wrote to Jimmy Byrne, at Messrs. Steenson and Gregg's, and he will take rooms, and meet us. I hope you don't mind! — G. F."

After reading this with attention, Max laid it down, and burst into a low laugh of intense amusement. The idea of Richard Frere, the dignified head of the great firm of Frere and Co., the probable M.P. for Finsbury at the next election, spending his precious moments in hunting up scrubby lodgings, at two pounds a week, for a tribe of obscure, moneyless relatives, was too comic. But the reverse of the picture forced itself upon him — the pathos of this utter, simple trust in the claim and right of kinship.

"What will they all do in London?" he thought. "What a terrible schooling is before them! Poor Grace!" A short, quick sigh. "But when was this precious letter written? The only date is Friday. It could not have been last Friday. This is Wednesday. I should not be surprised if they were already in town. That curious little beggar at Steenson's said they were coming immediately. How deeply disgusted my father will be! And they — they, no doubt, set it down to our shop-keeping miserliness that the Frere mansion is not thrown open for their reception. God help them! that mediæval style is long gone by. I believe Grace thought I stood behind a counter and sold sugar by the pound. After all, the difference is less in kind than in degree. But Randal's abilities! What a delusion! He will be the real

millstone round their necks. Still, we must give him a chance."

And, leaning back in his chair, watching the blue curls of smoke, Max thought hard for the next ten or fifteen minutes; and then, muttering, —

"It is a tremendous break-up, and hard lines for Grace — deuced hard lines" — he opened his blotting-book, and began to write rapidly and steadily.

CHAPTER II.

THE same evening, while the gorgeous guests at Mr. Frere's feast were beginning to disperse, a note of preparation was distinctly perceptible in one of the small houses of a semi-gee-tee crescent in the Camden Hill district.

The mistress of the house had looked twice from the front door down the street, and each time had said to the "little captive maid," who under strict discipline had accomplished herculean labors of cleaning and polishing, —

"I don't see no sign of them, Sarah; yet the gentleman said as the train would be at Euston about nine, now it's just twenty — or just seven minutes to ten."

And each time Sarah had replied: "Trains ain't always punctual, mum! and then there's the luggage to see to."

"I will look to the parlor fire, Sarah; the gentleman said I was to be sure and have one; he seemed a fair-speaking, genteel sort of a gentleman, and his reference quite correct; they will be good lodgers I am thinking, Sarah."

But Sarah had descended to her own regions, whence arose a severe hissing suggestive of the kettle having boiled over. So the mistress turned into a small parlor scarce fifteen feet square, tenderly stirred a small but bright fire, and added a pinch of coal to it, twitched one or two netted antimacassars into more accurate rectangularity, and then stood gazing with extreme satisfaction at the section of her property immediately under her eyes.

Miss Timbs was a maiden lady, as she would have described herself, on the further side of five-and-forty, rather tall and exceedingly narrow. Her respectable afternoon dress of thick dark brown stuff being of corresponding dimensions, she looked a little like a mediæval saint as she stood contemplating her belongings, only there was no folding of hands for Miss Timbs; neither, to use her own words, could she abide caps, so her "pepper-and-salt" tinted locks were arranged on either side of her somewhat stony face in short corkscrew ringlets painfully like

small mattress springs. While she thus stood — an unusual interval of repose for her — the sound of approaching vehicles caught her ear.

"Sarah!" she called, "they are coming," and she turned on the gas, which had hitherto shown only a pin's point of flame; another moment, and the sound of a cab stopping drew her and her little handmaid to the door. They discerned by the light of an opposite lamp a hansom, drawn up before the garden gate, and a large, dark object behind it, which they shrewdly judged to be a "four-wheeler," piled with luggage.

The driver of the hansom had descended, and was in the act of shouldering a portmanteau which had impeded the egress of two gentlemen, who now sprang quickly out and went to assist the occupants of the second vehicle to alight.

From the four-wheeler emerged two ladies and a little girl, all in mourning, and then were handed out a multitude of small parcels, bags, boxes, books, a bird-cage, a roll of wraps, until little Sarah quite disappeared under the pile raised upon her outstretched arms.

"Now don't stand out here, dear madam, troubling yourself about the baggage; Mr. Randal and me will see to it all. Pray go indoors with the young ladies," said the shorter of the two men in an indescribable voice, the London twang superimposed on a western sing-song of wonderful flatness.

"Thank you very much! you are really too good," replied the elder lady gently; and taking the arm offered her by her companion, she ascended the steps, at the top of which stood Miss Timbs, whose notions of dignity would not permit her to descend into the *mêlée* of unloading, but as a token of assistance and welcome, held a lighted best composite candle (eight to the pound) at the utmost stretch of her arm out into the darkness. The little girl had already made her way through the garden, and stood gazing with all her might at the landlady, as if the whole object of the journey had been to study this new specimen of humanity.

"Go in, Mab; don't stare so," said the young lady, in a low voice. Whereupon Mab made an evanescent but distinctly contemptuous grimace, and walked in.

"Glad to see you, 'm," said Miss Timbs, with a sort of cast-iron civility. "Will you please have tea, or a glass of beer? I have some new-laid eggs and a piece of breakfast bacon in the house, as I did not know what you might like to take."

"Oh, nothing for me—I could not eat," exclaimed the lady in a kind of despairing tone. "Grace, my dear, you had better order something for yourself."

"I am *so* hungry!" exclaimed Mab, desisting from a close examination of the ornaments on a tiny console between the fireplace and the end wall. "I shall eat two eggs, please."

"Hush, Mab! You must eat, mother," said the young lady, with tender authority. "Pray let us have a good dish of bacon and eggs, and tea—a cup of tea will revive you, dear mother."

"Perhaps so—and Grace," in a doubtful tone, "I suppose we had better ask little Mr. Byrne to sup with us?"

"Yes, of course; Randal will see to that." To Miss Timbs: "Will you be so good as to show us our rooms?"

"Certainly, 'm—here," throwing open half of the folding-door, by which the front and back parlors might on great occasions be made into one, and displaying a minute chamber where, with a little stretching, an ordinary-sized man might reach all the means of making his toilette without moving out of bed. "I thought this might do for the gentleman, 'm," went on Miss Timbs, with much volubility; "it's all fresh and clean,"—ruffling up sheets, blankets, and mattress with one dexterous, powerful turn of her hand. "And then if you'll come up-stairs (I must trouble you two flights, for I can't part my drawing-room suite)—but you'll find my house the same top and bottom—what you do, do thorough, I say—and so, 'm, the gentleman thought the big top front room and the back bedroom would do for the young ladies and yourself. Of course, if so be as you would like my drawing-rooms I wouldn't mind letting the 'ole house moderate, on a permanency, with plate and table linning."

As she spoke, Miss Timbs, still holding the candle, led the way up the steep, narrow stairs with a quick step, while the poor weary travellers toiled after her breathless, till the whole party were ushered into a tolerably-sized, but low bed-chamber, with one large bed; the usual pink and white muslin-draped dressing-table; no curtains; sundry pieces of faded, many-patterned carpet, and a large, painted deal press, with one short foot, and a door which stuck hopelessly—peculiarities threatening destruction to those adventurers who attempted to use it. This dangerous piece of furniture was proudly termed a wardrobe by its owner.

"This is my best two-pair front; and here, 'm," opening a small, meanly furnished closet, "is the back bedroom—not large, as you see, but neat and comfortable."

"Thank you—very nice indeed," said mamma helplessly.

"You and Mab had better have the larger room, mother," said Grace, "and Mab can come in and dress every morning with me. Would you send us some warm water?" (this to Miss Timbs), "and we shall be ready for tea as soon as you can get it."

"Yes, 'm; I must look to it myself, for I never yet see a gurl I could trust with a hegg."

"What's a hegg, Grace?" asked Mabel, who was pursuing her researches with much diligence.

"Hush, Mabel! she hears you! it is only her way of saying egg;" and then, as Miss Timbs disappeared, she added,—

"Come, dear mamma, here is your cap. Let me help you to take off your things. When you have a cup of tea you will feel refreshed, and be able to sleep, I hope." So saying, the young lady quickly took off her hat and waterproof cloak, and laying them on the bed, proceeded to unfasten her mother's mantle. Mrs. Joscelyn Frere had evidently been a beauty; her complexion was still wonderfully fair and fresh, her full blue eyes soft and bright, her hair only slightly touched with grey, and middle-aged stoutness could not quite conceal a once fine figure. Her expression was both sad and nervous. She accepted her daughter's aid mechanically, looking round the larger room, to which they had returned, with evident discontent.

"What a wretched garret!" she exclaimed, her mouth quivering like a disappointed child; "surely that Mr. Byrne, of whom you all think so much, ought to have known better than to thrust us into such a hole as this. *He* knows what we have been accustomed to better than any one else; but now your dear grandfather is gone we have nothing, and are no—no—thing," and the poor lady's sweet, soft voice was broken by sobs.

"Dear, dear mother, this will never do!" cried her daughter tenderly; "you are over-fatigued, but you must not give way now when we have accomplished the plan on which you had set your heart. Think how you will vex Randal. Come, bathe your eyes, while I smooth Mabel's hair, and then we will go down-stairs and have our tea. Depend upon it, Jimmy

Byrne has done the best he could. London is a costly place, and ——"

"Pray do not say Jimmy Byrne," explored Mrs. Frere, from the dressing-table.

"Very well, dear; but I have been accustomed to hear him spoken of as Jimmy—— Stand still, Mabel! Mabel, I cannot comb your hair if you fidget so, and you will be more comfortable when it is done."

"You are hurting me—and I want to kiss mammy. Don't cry, mammy."

"You shall kiss her in a minute——"

"Do not prevent the poor child from showing her love for me, Grace."

"In one moment, mother—— I will finish your hair, Mabel."

"Ah! you are hurting—ah!"

"There, now you are ready."

A hasty washing of hands, and smoothing of her own locks, and Grace declared herself ready to descend.

Down-stairs, in the little parlor, things looked considerably more cheerful. Randal Frere, a tall, slender youth of nineteen or twenty, with his mother's light blue eyes, and soft, sweet expression, less an indescribable something of candor and guilelessness, was helping the giggling Sarah to lay the cloth, and Mr. James Byrne, who had diligently assisted to carry the smaller parcels into the back room, where they formed a pyramid, was unlocking a very professional-looking black bag, which seemed crammed to bursting. He desisted from this occupation as the ladies entered, Mrs. Frere leading, Mabel and Grace following.

"I hope, Mrs. Frere, ma'am" (madam contracted readily when Mr. Byrne was in a hurry, or agitated), "that you find things pretty tidy up-stairs. It's not what I could wish by any means, but Londoners are a trifle extortionate, and you wouldn't believe what sums of money—sums, no less—I was asked for the sort of rooms I'd have chosen for you; and as Miss Grace wrote decided about price——"

"I am sure you are very good!" interrupted Mrs. Frere, subsiding into a chair placed for her by her son. "We are well aware how limited our means are, and I am quite content."

"Indeed, you have done wonders for us," cried Grace, who had at once fallen on the loaf, and begun more energetically than deftly to cut bread and butter; "and we are more obliged than I can say. Do you know I was the first to recognize you at the station this evening, Mr. Byrne,

and it is quite five years since you were at Dungar?"

"Well, I am sure I could not say I would have known *you*, Miss Grace," cried Mr. Byrne, "you were just a slip of girleen then, and now you are an elegant young lady."

"Ah, Mr. Byrne! you have not lost your pleasant Irish *tourneur de phrase* during your expatriation."

"Now, that's too severe!" exclaimed Jimmy, utterly ignorant of what *tourneur de phrase* meant.

"I hoped you would have come last night," said Byrne to Mrs. Frere. "I thought you would——"

"Well, my son thought it a good opportunity to see Chester Cathedral, and the town itself. I believe he is about to write a short poem on Chester Fair in the fifteenth—or is it the fourteenth century, Randal? And we thought it wiser to see the town *en passant*, than that he should make a separate journey for the purpose. You see we are rapidly becoming strict economists."

"Yes, ma'am, exactly so," stammered Byrne, as if stunned. "Oh, a poem—really now—I didn't know——"

"That we had a poet among us," put in Grace, as the little man hesitated. "Indeed we have, and a poet of no mean order—eh, Randal?"

"Come, Grace, that is not your real opinion," said the young man, good-humoredly.

"Never mind, Randal; my opinion is not worth much: and here is something more important," as Sarah entered, carrying a tray loaded with plates, and a dish of fair dimensions and appetizing contents.

The next quarter of an hour was devoted to recruiting exhausted nature. Even the desponding mother revived wonderfully, and consented to taste a second morsel of the delicately browned bacon and just half a cup more tea, although it might have been stronger; while the *bleu de nacre* tint of the milk excited much wonderment and apparently profound reflection on the part of Mabel, a diminutive imp of ten, with a small, pale face, big eyes, and strangely mingled ways, at once babyish and old-fashioned.

"I think, Mrs. Frere, ma'am," said Mr. Byrne, with a certain amount of hesitation, "that you want something better than a cup of milk and water like this after your journey, and I made so bold (which I hope you'll excuse) to put a bottle of sherry and a little seed-cake for the

young ladies in me bag." So saying, he jumped off his chair as if shot from beneath, and pounced upon the black bag, from which, with some struggling and tugging, he produced first a black bottle, and then a large parcel considerably squeezed in, both of which he placed triumphantly on the table. "Stop a bit! I'm like a great operator—I never travel without me instruments" (Jimmy Byrne said "nivir" and "thraivel," but they do not look pretty written so), and he drew from his left trousers pocket a treasury of a knife, the handle of which contained a variety of implements, among them a cork-screw which he selected. A sharp, sudden, cheerful chuck and pop ensued. "Is there a glass to be found anywhere?" he said, looking round.

"Yes," cried Mabel, slipping from her chair: "there are six on the little marble shelf behind you."

"That's right," returned Jimmy Byrne, delicately wiping the mouth of the bottle with the corner of the table-cloth, and then proceeding to dust a couple of glasses by the same means. Seizing a small, battered tray left by Sarah on the invariable chiffonier at one side of the fireplace, he put the glasses thereon, filled them to the brim, and with much elegance handed them to Mrs. Frere. "I am so overjoyed and overwhelmed to see you and the dear young ladies—to say nothing of Mr. Randal—that the bag and the bottle went clean out of my head. Just put it to your lips, Mrs. Frere, ma'am. I wish I had thought of it before you began on that wishy-washy stuff. A couple more glasses, Miss Mabel—now don't turn away, madam. Here, Mr. Randal—Miss Grace—here's welcome to London, and may it bring you luck."

"You are very kind and thoughtful," said Mrs. Frere, now quite thawed, "but I seldom take wine; I —"

"Mother," whispered Grace, "you must not refuse."

"But I cannot say 'no' to you," concluded the mother, amending her phrase.

"I am sure, ma'am, you make me proud!" exclaimed their humble friend. "Miss Grace, dear—I beg your pardon, the word jumped just straight from my heart to my lips—but you'll take a drop?"

"Indeed I will," cried Grace sweetly and heartily. "What good sherry, Mr. Byrne! it reminds me of poor grandpapa's," she added, with the instinctive tact which is the wealth of fine spirits.

"Do you think so, now? Well, indeed,

it's the best I could get. What but the best would I offer to the lady and children—ay, and grandchildren—of the man I owe everything to?" (Jimmy Byrne would not have used so vulgar and common a word as "wife" for the world.) "Take another glass, Mr. Randal; and try the cake," unrolling a huge round mass with the utmost despatch. "I remember how the poor dear master always eat seed-cake with his wine. Sure, when I was a bit of a boy, I used to see Mrs. Lynch, the housekeeper (and a mighty proud woman she was), beatening up eggs and powdherin' sugar whenever I went up to the big house."

"Pray don't, Mr. Byrne!" exclaimed Mrs. Frere, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes. "I cannot bear these memories."

"God forgive me!" exclaimed Mr. Byrne, piously and penitently.

An awkward pause ensued, broken by Mabel, who observed, in an injured voice:

"I have not had a drop of wine yet! and why don't you cut the cake?"

"Mabel! I fear wine is not good for you after tea, my dear," said her mother.

"Do wine and tea turn, Grace?" asked Mabel, bent on getting to the root of the matter.

"She is thinking of a milk posset, I believe," said Randal, laughing. "Here, Mab—here, take a sip out of my glass."

"Thank you; I want one for my own self," said Mab.

"I think the least taste would not hurt her, madam," suggested Byrne, nearly filling a glass, and cutting an enormous wedge of cake.

"Well, Byrne," said Randal, sipping his wine, "have you seen my uncle lately?"

"Your uncle, Mr. Randal!" said Byrne, as if surprised. "I never saw him but once in my life; but I did see his son, Mr. Maxwell Frere, this very morning; and an elegant young man he is—quite a swell. I did not know who it could be when they sent me in to speak to him."

"What did he want with you?" asked Randal with a slight frown, while Grace, who had been putting the tea-things on the tray with unconscious orderliness, stopped, and listened intently, her large eyes fixed on the speaker, as Byrne replied,—

"Oh, just to ask one or two little things for his father. He wished to know how you and your mamma were situated; and, as I have no doubt Mr. Frere can and will be a good friend to you, Mr. Randal, I just told him all I knew."

"I should not mind my uncle," said young Frere, with a frown, "but I do not want anything to do with his son. A more sneering, cynical chap than Maxwell Frere never existed. I hated the sight of him at Dungar."

"Well, well, Randal," observed his mother, "I must say I thought him agreeable, and remarkably well-bred for a commercial man; though you know, Mr. Byrne, the Freres are of very good family, at least on the mother's side."

"No doubt of it," returned Jimmy readily. "Anyhow, Richard Frere of Corbett Chambers is a very influential man. They say he will get in for Finsbury next election."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Grace. "That is something worth a man's ambition!"

"I am sorry, Randal, you forgot to post Grace's letter to your uncle. He may take it ill, our asking any one else to look out apartments for us. But I wonder Max did not come to meet us."

"I do not think he knew when you were coming. He asked when you were to arrive, and then some one came in and interrupted us. So I had no opportunity of telling him. I think he said he was going to Paris for Easter."

"To Paris!" cried Randal enviously. "What luck that fellow is in!"

"Of course he can do what he likes," said Mrs. Frere.

"Why did he not like to come and meet us?" asked Mabel, yawning fearfully.

Grace said nothing, but a quick sigh, like a deep breath, parted her lips.

"You are a very tired little girl, are you not? Mother dear, I will put Mab to bed. Will you come up soon?" she said, smoothing her sister's head. "I am sure Mr. Byrne will excuse us. We are all tired."

"Certainly, Miss Grace; and this little lady looks just dead beat."

"One moment, Grace," said Mrs. Frere. "I think it very desirable that no time should be lost in letting Mr. Frere know that his brother's family have arrived in town."

"Hem!—true," replied Mr. Byrne.

"He will have had my letter by this time," said Grace.

"But you could give no address, so how could he call?" rejoined her mother.

"Suppose Mr. Randal were to call upon him in the city," suggested the peace-loving Jimmy.

"I shall do no such thing," cried Randal hastily; "he shall never say I ran after him."

"Well, then, Grace and I will call at his house in H— Square," said Mrs. Frere, "and if he is out I will leave my card. It is quite necessary some steps should be taken."

"Can we not settle all that to-morrow?" said Grace wearily; "this child is going to sleep."

Mab had laid her head on her sister's lap.

"Come now, Mr. Randal," remonstrated Jimmy Byrne insinuatingly; "I don't know much of company manners, but as a matter of business, I think you ought to call on your uncle! Just go to-morrow or next day, send in your card, have a few minutes' talk, and then it will be all over. You'll excuse me, sir, speaking so free."

"Of course, of course," returned Randal, with princely condescension; "well, I will see about it, but you will come to-morrow—eh, Byrne?"

"If I might make so bold, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, to come up in the evening, just to see if I can be of any use; for I can seldom leave the office till after six, don't you know!"

"We shall be delighted to see you, Mr. Byrne, at any time!" returned Mrs. Frere, holding out her hand as she rose to leave the room. Mr. Byrne took it with infinite respect, and held open the door for her to pass out.

"Good-night," said Grace warmly; "you have been the only bit of comfort in the desolation of our arrival;" and half-leading, half-carrying Mab, she followed her mother up-stairs, while Randal and the family friend exchanged adieux in the hall.

Arrived in their exalted sleeping quarters, Grace had much to do; she had to undress the sleepy little sister, who, with the perversity of an overwearied child, resisted the removal of every garment. She had to unpack every article of her own and her mother's *toilette de nuit*. She had to re-arrange the bed-clothes, and soothe her mother out of one or two fits of gentle impatience (if one may use such an expression) and hysterical despondency. And when all this had been accomplished, and she had retired into her own miserable little room, she was several times recalled to be told her mother had quite forgotten to warn her about her candle, to know where the matches were, and if it would not be well to ask the landlady for a night-light. At

last, she was finally dismissed with a tender "God bless you, my child! what should we do without you?"

And then she was alone! alone, with very strained and wearied nerves. She had not dared the whole long day to relax the tension by which she had managed to keep a brave front. But instead of beginning to undress, she set her candlestick on the wretched little painted deal dressing-table, and stood by it profoundly still; one hand dropped listlessly by her side, the other resting on the table, her large eyes dilated, gazing far away to the pleasant past or the threatening future. At last, rousing herself, she knelt by her bedside, and burying her face in the clothes, burst into bitter though suppressed weeping; the quick sobs shook her whole frame; the tears would not stop till fatigue and emotion combined to overpower her, and she found herself falling asleep as she knelt. With an effort she roused herself and hastily undressed, eager to find oblivion and repose.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PREHISTORIC SCIENCE EN FETE.

To the uninitiated an "International Congress of Prehistoric Anthropology and Archæology" may seem a formidable affair, where no more cheerful entertainment than a feast of dry bones could be allowed, and where a member indulging in a joke would be instantly called to order. Those who attended the late meeting of this Congress at Lisbon know better. They know that under cover of their imposing title this scientific Congress can give itself up to sociability, and even levity, without imperilling its dignity. They know that this assembly of men, representing the scientific world in nearly every country in Europe, has as human an idea of enjoyment as the most ordinary mortals who have never even heard of the Neanderthal skull, and to whom the term palæolithic, or quaternary man calls up no vision of cave-bears or hairy mammoths, living hob-and-nob, so to speak, with our flint-using ancestors.

Let us follow the fortunes of the Congress, the idea that the typical Dryasdust flourishes among its members being dispelled. The first unofficial *séance* may be said to have taken place at Almorcho, a junction half way from Madrid, where all the scientific pilgrims, more or less tired and dusty, made a rush at the buffet to

get what food was to be had. Those who had been travelling from Madrid since the previous evening, and those who had taken a preliminary tour through Andalusia, here met, and instantly there was a Babel of tongues, German, Italian, French, and English. Only Spanish was not to be heard, so that, but for the tropical heat of the sun and the Sahara-like aspect of the surrounding country, one would hardly have realized that one was in the Peninsula. Friends were inquiring how each other's work had sped since the meeting four years ago at Buda-Pesth, or that of Stockholm two years earlier. Scientific men who had never met before, and who only knew each other by books or letters, were being "enchanted to make each other's acquaintance" in the best French they could muster. Some were deploring in hushed tones the great loss just sustained by anthropology in the death of M. Paul Broca, who was to have been present at Lisbon. Here was the universal favorite, M. de Quatrefages, of the French Institute, in a grey suit and wide-awake, looking more like a genial English geologist than a French savant, shaking hands with all; Professor Virchow, talking slowly to a learned *confrère* on the one hand, and M. Henri Martin, deep in an Iberian controversy, on the other. Here was a spruce and speckless Frenchman, as fresh and bright as in his native Paris; there, a crumpled German, bearing evident traces of a night in the train. After all there was ample time to exchange greetings and compliments, as well as for the more important business of eating, as the proverb "hurry no man's cattle" is also applied to trains in Spain. A Spaniard in a hurry was the one curiosity no member of the Congress was fortunate enough to light on, although every facility to see all the rarities of the country was politely accorded them.

At last the excruciating sound of the whistle summoned all to ensconce themselves in their snug corners of the carriages again, and only at daybreak next morning — on Sunday, September 19, to be exact — did this first detachment of science, coated with a yet thicker layer of dust, arrive at Lisbon, after thirty-three long hours from Madrid.

Until last year a direct train accomplished this journey in ten hours less time; but Spain, tenacious of old traditions, suppressed that train as savoring too much of progress, and consequent Nihilism and dynamite.

All that Sunday the newly arrived for-

eigners talked of nothing but the lovely position of Lisbon, with its many hills and broad Tagus. They much admired the great reservoir of the famous aqueduct with its tail sixteen miles long, and also the cats with no tails at all. Lisbon literally swarms with cats, and not a few have their ears and tails cropped; this is a scientific note made by a savant on the spot. There were also many speculations among this festive company as to whether they should get as much dancing as at Pesth, where—let not this confidential disclosure damage their scientific reputation—in the course of one short week did they not fit in three dances, one of which was extemporized in the waiting-room of a railway station, in returning from a ghoul-like expedition, undertaken for the purpose of rifling some dozen Bronze-age graves. Such was their heartless levity! After this disclosure it will be no shock to hear that on the eve of their serious work at Lisbon, most of this frivolous body patronized the bull-fight. In extenuation, it must be admitted that a Portuguese bull-fight is not, like the Spanish, a public shambles and knacker's yard, but a bloodless trial of dexterity, from which the gorgeous cavaliers on their splendid Andalusian horses come out unharmed; and the bull, whose horns are encased in leather and iron gloves, is driven out very happily among a herd of tame oxen, whose business, and well the sagacious animals understand it, is to decoy him out of the arena.

The following day there was the impressive inauguration of the Congress by the king himself. The hall provided for the *séances* is the library of a suppressed monastery, where all the old calf and vellum-bound books lining the walls seemed quite in harmony with the dryness of some of the discussions, though the way our authorized ancestor Adam was unanimously ignored might have made the worthy old monks' hair stand on end. At one end of this hall a great throne was erected, with ermine and the Braganza arms all complete. Opposite a band was stationed; in the gallery around admiring natives were congregated. All the male representatives of science were in evening dress, gibus in hand, and resplendent with orders. M. Capellini, of Bologna, a great man though small of stature, was noticeable for the number of his decorations. With four full-blown crosses and ribbons, besides a dozen lesser stars glittering on his shirtfront, he was a gorgeous sight. The only English member yet

arrived was conspicuous for the unrelieved black and white of his attire.

With royal punctuality, precisely at one o'clock, the band struck up the national hymn, and their Majesties entered: Dom Fernando, the tall dowager king consort (if that is his official title), and Dom Luis, the dumpy reigning king, his son. Everyone, it is to be hoped, knows Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," and if they do not they should know it, so it is needless to describe their royal Highnesses further than by saying that the courteous Dom Fernando is the image of the old king in that charming tale, and the accomplished Dom Luis its hero Prince Bulbo in person. There was no mistaking the fact, the immortal Bulbo stood before us—on tiptoe mostly, to add height to his august presence—and we were duly impressed accordingly. With royal patience he and his father sat under their ermine awning, listening to inaudible speeches, with *homme miocène* as their refrain—what a long course of boring it must take to teach any one to bear it so patiently; who would choose to wear a crown?—and then with royal courtesy they descended from their eminence to be introduced to the leading members present. That over, they had to begin again with the Literary Congress, whose session here also opened that day; while the archaeologists and anthropologists escaped to examine the bony and stony treasures of a museum illustrating these sciences, established in the same building. In this arid region many warm discussions as to the antiquity of man took place, and as to how far some undetermined flakes of flint, with dubious bulbs of percussion, found in a questionable stratum, went to prove his existence in tertiary times. This was the main question of the Lisbon session.

Two days afterwards an excursion was made to Otta, the above-mentioned haunt of this doubtful tertiary being, to test the value of the evidence. By six A.M. all on science or amusement bent were steaming out of Lisbon. An hour later all had left the special train, and were distributed among twenty-two carriages and omnibuses, drawn, as a rule, by four fine mules, the manners and customs of which were curious and unexpected. The leaders would suddenly bolt round and stare at their scientific load with superhuman curiosity. It required many of these wayward beasts to drag the carriages through the four or five inches of dust underfoot. After three hours of such wading, a little sheltered from the blazing sun by the

clouds of dust the mules raised, Otta was reached. Otta, or rather a sandy wild with a thin growth of foot-high dwarf oaks, some miles further on, is the spot our tertiary phantom is supposed to have selected for his dwelling. There was a lake there in those days. No one would be predisposed to acknowledge as an ancestor either man or ape capable of displaying such bad taste in his choice of a home, for in Portugal beautiful and wooded retreats abound, so there was no excuse for settling in a bare desert — except perhaps the fishing. However, all dutifully hunted for this creature's remains; but only one flake, near the surface, was found, by an Italian, Signor Belucci from Rome, and that caused hardly less excitement than the discovery of a new gold mine.

But the dryness of the day and subject was exhausting, even to those most affected by the *fièvre tertiaire*, and all readily abandoned the dust of ages and flocked into a tent, a lodge in that vast wilderness, which seemed to have come there by enchantment. Due justice was done to the sumptuous breakfast prepared, for science does not impair the appetite, and then followed endless toasts. The health of the foreign members having been proposed, a representative of each nation, French, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, and Slave, returned thanks in widely varying accents for their hospitable reception in Portugal. M. de Quatrefages was by far the best orator, and the president, Sr. Joao d'Andrade Corvo, spoke well. After much time, wine, and breath had been expended, a practical Englishman, who meant work, and was not broken into foreign dilatoriness, proposed as a final toast *Au silence et au travail*. The hint was taken, and hammers and sunshades again put in requisition, but again with no decisive result. Two of the ladies of the party, escorted by two gallant Frenchmen, made the difficult ascent of a neighboring steep hill, to look down disdainfully on the worthy archaeologists grubbing below like ants, and following as useless a quest as those minute busybodies seem to indulge in as a rule. When it is mentioned that the thermometer stood at 96°, it would be superfluous to indicate the nationality of the fair climbers.

But for an opportune vineyard passed on the return journey, all Europe might have been bereaved of her science, as the great expedition nearly died of thirst. Anthropology would have been nipped in

the bud, and archæology would have returned to the dust, had not a supply of grapes averted the awful calamity.

Next morning, Wednesday, primeval cannibalism was the subject of debate, but "long pig" was not discussed for dinner, as might have been expected, thanks to good Portuguese cookery.

The day following the gay assembly were abroad again, going to Santarem, where they were received with flags and rockets, welcomed by the mayor, and escorted to the kjøkkenmöddings, their goal, by hundreds of picturesque mounted peasants. Here a grand display of skeletons, and of the refuse of the meals by which these frames were nourished, rejoiced their eyes; and later the speechifying, etc., were gone through with as much enjoyment as before.

On Saturday the two kings honored the *séance* with their presence to hear the great tertiary debate, which M. Mortillet, of the Musée St. Germain, opened with needlessly elementary instruction as to the formation of flakes, and asserted his belief in the disputed ancestor's existence in a speech lasting an hour and a half.

He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

An Englishman known, from his habitual demand for evidence, in the foreign scientific world as *le petit St. Thomas*, answered him with geological and other objections. He said that no flakes indubitably found in these tertiary beds were of unmistakable human manufacture, but were such as might be due to natural forces; and insisted on the necessity of strong proof before accepting, as an established fact, man's existence at a time so widely remote from ours — a time when the hipparion was the nearest living representative of the horse, and since which the whole fauna had almost completely changed. Then St. Thomas wound up by declaring that, though for twenty years he had upheld the antiquity of our race, as proved by the discoveries at St. Acheul and in other old river valleys, and it therefore ill became him to dispute it now, he could not be satisfied to rest his pedigree on a single bulb of percussion.

M. de Quatrefages, who does not believe in evolution as applied to the human race, declared for miocene man. So did M. Capellini, who had already brought some pet whalebones found in the marine beds of Italy, before the Congress at Pesth; which bones he believes to have been scored in miocene days by wrought

flints. Others venture to think the marks may be due to the teeth of fishes rather than to human agency. Virchow was dubious. Most suspended their verdict until there should be more conclusive evidence, so the resolution of this great question was adjourned to the next session.

Of course, one excursion was to lovely Cintra, and to Dom Fernando's picturesque Penha palace perched on a peak there, with its castellated walls and little gilt domes. It was grand to see savants gravely riding the tiny donkeys down perilously steep descents. However, thanks more to the sure-footedness of the beasts than to the skill of the riders, no one came to grief. The views at Cintra over the rocky peaks, great pine woods, and long-stretching plain, with the misty Atlantic as a horizon, are beautiful, and the Moorish remains there are most curious. That evening the real king gave a ball at Cascaes to the Congress, but in spite of the courtesy of the hosts, the dancing was less gay than at Pesth, not being *impromptu*. The supper was the great feature of the entertainment. Footmen in gorgeous liveries brought in trays of tempting delicacies, fish, flesh, fowl, and good red wine, to which all were prepared to do justice after a hard day's work. Only there were no plates, knives, forks or other appliances of civilization, nothing but large wooden toothpicks.

All hung back, eying longingly the dainties good manners forbade them to seize, and watching what course royalty would pursue.

But the court, nay, royalty itself, unhesitatingly took a toothpick, dug it into the chosen morsel, poised it a moment in the air, and it was gone. Thus emboldened, all possessed themselves of these handy instruments, and dug in their turn, roving and sipping like bees, though all with inward misgivings as to whether they had been spirited away suddenly to China or some other Eastern haunt of the primitive chopsticks. On after inquiry it was learned that in all large court assemblies these toothpicks were put in requisition, as it was feared that silver forks might be pocketed by the guests. It was neither an insult to scientific honesty, nor as a compliment paid to the archæological tastes of the Congress, that such primeval weapons were used.

The day after this last and most foreign experience nearly all these learned birds of passage had flown—some to the wintry north, others to the sunny south, all

bearing a grateful remembrance of a charming week, and of the warmth of Portuguese hospitality; all speculating as to when and where would be their next merry meeting.

From The Spectator.

THE ANTS AS FARMERS.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," says Solomon. But we are not quite sure that Solomon, if he had to advise the Irish farmer at least, would be inclined to insist so much on the ant's example. It is true that as a farmer, as we shall show, the ant is not only industrious, but very capable. The agricultural ant of Texas achieves wonders. But it achieves wonders with a little too much of the method of the Irish Land League. Not that it has discovered the art of Boycotting its comrades, but that it does at times adopt a sort of physical compulsion which dispenses with all need for that operation. In short, the agricultural ant, being a communist by profession, naturally invents methods of compulsion which are appropriate to the life of the commune, and not appropriate to societies in which there is any attempt to cultivate what has been called "the individuality of the individual." But before we touch on this part of our subject, let us show what admirable achievements in farming the agricultural ant has accomplished. In the amusing book of Mr. McCook, of Philadelphia, "The Natural History of the Agricultural Ant of Texas," recently published in the United States, we have a most fascinating account of one great tribe belonging to that species of insects which has achieved a pastoral as well as an agricultural career. That the ant is a cowkeeper, and milks its aphides as carefully as a dairyman milks his cows, has long been admitted. But that there exists an ant so far at least a farmer as to gather in its grain harvest against the winter, and often even to husk its grain before storing it in the granaries, has been strenuously denied, in spite of Solomon's assertion of the fact, till the late Mr. Moggridge and others re-established this point within the last few years. Mr. McCook, by his careful study of the habits of the agricultural ant of Texas, has put the farming talents of the insect up to a certain point beyond doubt. It is true, he does not believe, though he does not deny, that the Texas ant itself sows the

seeds of the crop which it expects to reap. He thinks the facts, so far as they are known to him, rather point to the supposition that the agricultural ant simply *permits* the growth within its enclosure of the particular plant whose seeds it wishes to harvest, while carefully clearing all other grasses away. But thus much appears to be certain,—that during the ants' partial winter hybernation, grasses of all sorts grow over the disks which the agricultural ants are in the habit of clearing round the principal gate of their nest; that in the early spring these ants clear away all this winter vegetation completely; but that by May the clearings of all those kinds of agricultural ants which have a flat disk round their chief entrance are more or less overgrown with one plant, and one only,—the *Aristida oligantha*, whose seeds they love to harvest and to feed on. Mr. McCook himself believes that this growth is permitted by the ant within its enclosure, on account of the greater convenience of harvesting the seed, while every other growth is carefully arrested and exterminated. "It seems hardly credible," he says, "that the energy and skill which enabled these creatures to wholly clear away a winter growth which had overrun the disks, should be foiled in the effort to keep them clear." Mr. McCook describes carefully the operations by which this ant clears away the grasses it wants to get rid of. An ant goes to the root and bites, pulls, and twists at it, with a view to sever the stem at this point. Often after making a great incision, it will run up the leaf, and hang by the end of it, in order to increase the fracture by thus pulling it to the ground. Sometimes, while one ant continues to gnaw away at the root, another will run up the leaf, and hang with its whole small weight from the extremity. As a result of all this work, the clearing is usually left with the stunted grass-stumps, precisely resembling on a minute scale the clearing which a backwoodsman effects in an American forest. Thus Mr. McCook says of the tufts of grass in the ants' clearing: "The stumps were dry, quite dead and black, and stood slightly above the surface, as the soil had been removed from between the gnarled root-lets. These tiny objects were spread over the inner section of the clearing. The whole so vividly recalled the pioneer scenes in Western forests with which I was familiar in boyhood, that I could not rid myself of the impression that the ants had wrought much on the same principle

as the pioneers, who, having chopped down the trees and cleared away the timber and bush, leave the stumps afield, that the roots may loosen by natural decay, so that the stumps may be more easily removed and burned." The agricultural ants of Texas garner in their seed-harvest only after the grain has dropped from the stalk, but the *Atta crudelis* of Florida and Georgia does more,—it mounts the stalk, and severs the ripe grain while still growing on the stalk. In fact, it *reaps* as well as *garner*s in the grain; and this Mr. McCook proved for himself by sticking stalks of millet upright into the box where a nest of ants of this kind were confined; these stalks the ants mounted, and cut the grain away. In Texas, Mr. McCook found that the agricultural ant, when it was by any chance overshadowed by a peach-tree, deliberately stripped the tree of all its leaves, as this ant cannot bear to live in the shade; and if it cannot destroy an overshadowing tree, or strip it of its leaves, it will migrate, and build itself a nest more exposed to the sun, rather than remain in the shadow. That the ant garners in great stores of grain, and not only garners it in, but, in case of injury from rain, brings out the moistened grain to dry again in the sun, Mr. McCook had the fullest proof; so that we may say, on the authority of this very cautious and scrupulous writer, that the agricultural ant of Texas rivals the farming operations of man, at least on these heads,—it makes a clearing round its home; it encourages the growths it approves, and exterminates all others; it garners the grain when it is ripe, and stores it away in granaries; it husks much of this grain; it brings it out to dry when injured by moisture, and then stores it away again; and some of the allied tribes of ants not only do all this, but also reap the grain while still growing on the stalk. And all this the ant does, in addition to the very elaborate mining operations by which it constructs the various chambers of its subterranean dwelling. No human farmer is at the same time a most effective miner. But the agricultural ant of Texas is both, and spends even more of its energy and skill on mining than it spends on farming.

But now, how are these great results attained? Clearly, to a great extent, by the complete merging of the individual self in the tribal self,—which, as we are told by the modern moralists, is the great goal even of human morality. Mr. McCook has accumulated curious evidence

that the agricultural ant hardly develops his proper nature at all except under the stimulus of a considerable society; and thus is so often required to merge his individuality in the communal impulse of the tribe, that however little he shares that impulse, he hardly ever finds it worth while to struggle against it. "Three ants in a small jar remained for a number of days upon the surface of the soil, without the slightest attempt at digging; they fed freely, lapped moisture, were evidently healthy, but would not dig; they were reinforced by four individuals from the same nest, but more recent arrivals from Texas. The new-comers breathed fresh vitality into the inactive three, and in a little while the gallery-making was going merrily on." So far, there is nothing but respect due to ants who would not undertake a work requiring much co-operation with inadequate means. But when we come to look at the means adopted to enforce the communal will on the ants' individual wills, we can hardly give them equal praise. Mr. McCook speaks extremely well of the individual unselfishness of ants, having watched them constantly, both in confinement and in their free life. He says that the selfish fighting for food observable among cattle is hardly to be observed at all amongst ants. "I have never but once, — and my observations have not been few, — seen among them any such show of selfishness and bullying. The single exception was a large-headed Floridian *crudelis*, who compelled a small worker to retire from a juicy bit of croton-seed in order to enjoy it herself. It is to be noted that this exception occurred with one of the soldier caste, not with a worker proper." But the coercion which was never applied in the interest of the individual self, was applied with great severity in the interest of the tribal self, and this though, so far as Mr. McCook believes, there is no official government of the community to issue orders which the nation are expected to obey. Momentous communal resolves, even when they are of so important a character as to determine a migration, — all originate with enthusiastic individuals whose example is catching, so that the resolve is, as it were, carried by acclamation. When, however, any movement of this kind takes place, there is often a dissentient minority who do not agree in the general wish for a change of place or policy, and the question is how to deal with these cases. The mode of doing so is curious. It appears that, as a rule, the result is always this, — that the malcontents are

carried — without any great resistance — by the enthusiasts to the new nest or new scene of operations, are constrained as it were by force, but by a force to which they are not wholly indisposed to yield; and then, when they have been thus constrained, they recognize the new condition as a *de facto* though unconstitutional order of things, to which they bow, having liberated their conscience, by the endurance of this partial coercion. Here is Mr. McCook's account of such an affair: —

April 16, in digging around the old tree in order to trace the number and position of the galleries, I greatly agitated the nest. The principal gate seemed to be just within the hollow trunk. Galleries extended into the hill underneath and behind the tree, the decayed roots being also apparently used as galleries. After the invasion of the nest, the ants began, in the most excited manner, to carry bits of dry wood, straw, earth, etc., some of them many times larger than themselves, into the main gate and other doors in the hill and under neighboring stones. I could not clearly make out the special object of this movement, although I supposed, of course, that it bore upon the repair and protection of the formicary. Two hours afterwards I revisited the spot. The same busy dragging of refuse continued. One ant was observed carrying a comrade into the hollow trunk. Searching in the direction from which she seemed to have come, I presently found another, and still another carrier. A slightly-worn path led up the hill, terminating about eleven feet from the old tree, in a gate into the ground. Along this path, and issuing chiefly from this gate, but also from underneath stones near by, moved a column of carrier ants, every one of whom was burdened with a comrade. In a few moments I counted twenty-one of these passing along the path. The deported ants were seized by the mandibles of the carriers on or below the meso-thorax, the back being downward; their heads were bent forward, the abdomen turned up, the legs drawn up and huddled together. The body was motionless; not the slightest sign of resistance or of struggling to get free was observed. I teased several of the carriers until the deported were released. One of the prisoners then made an effort to resist recapture. Another was evidently confused for a moment, then turned back and ascended the hill. A third was carried quite to the opening in the trunk, when, in pushing under a straw that overhung the path, the carrier stuck fast in the narrow gangway. Before this, such obstacles were readily flanked. Now, however, the carrier abandoned her comrade, thinking, perhaps, that having reached the strong swirl and current of activity that surrounded the main gate, she would need no further coercion. Such, at least, proved to be the case, for the deported ant, after a momentary confusion, passed under the arch and was lost to sight within the cavity. Her captor and carrier, meanwhile, seemed utterly indifferent as to her

whilom prisoner and her conduct, but having paused a little space to repair her toilet, straggled listlessly into the hollow. A fourth ant, when first noticed, was in the act of dragging a comrade by a leg into the cavity, where presently she was left.

Such is the mode in which the tribal self prevails over the individual self among the ants. The reluctant ants invite coercion, as it were, which the enthusiasts apply, and then the need for coercion

ceases. Is it not the nearest approximation we can conceive among the world of insects to the action of the Irish Land League now? And is not the lesson worth learning? Are not the Irish farmers emulating the self-obliteration of the ants, in their utter helplessness to assert their individual conscience against the arbitrarily determined interest and policy of their tribe?

From The Contemporary Review.
SUICIDAL MANIA.

SUICIDES are annually becoming more common, not in England only, but all over the civilized world. During the last two years there have been special causes at work—failures in trade, agricultural depression, and commercial losses, which have tended to drive men to suicide in ever-increasing numbers. But I do not refer to the last two years only in making the statement that the number of suicides

In Italy	1864 to 1878—	from 30 to 37 annually
“ Belgium	1831 “ 1876	“ 39 “ 68 “
“ Great Britain and Ireland	1860 “ 1878	“ 66 “ 70 “
“ Sweden and Norway	1820 “ 1877	“ 39 “ 80 “
“ Austria	1860 “ 1878	“ 70 “ 122 “
“ France	1827 “ 1877	“ 52 “ 149 “
“ Prussia	1820 “ 1878	“ 71 “ 133 “
“ Denmark	1836 “ 1876	“ 213 “ 258 “
“ The United States of North America	1845 “ 1878	“ 107 “ 163 “
And in the minor German States, between 1835 “ 1878	“ 117 “ 289 “	

The increase of population in these countries will only account for a very small part of the increase of suicides, except in the case of the United States.

Men are everywhere becoming more weary of the burden of life. Authorities on sanitation and vital statistics tell us that, of late years, life, the average human life, has been considerably prolonged by greater attention to the means of preserving health; yet, concurrent with this improvement, there are a greater impatience of life itself and a greater desire to escape its burden.

Women are less prone to commit suicide in Europe than men, and extensive investigation on the subject has convinced Signor Morselli that the tendency to suicide increases with age, more strongly amongst the unmarried and widowed than amongst the married of both sexes. The following table curiously illustrates this fact.

Amongst a million of persons of each class in Europe generally, in so far as the

is annually increasing in all civilized countries.

Professor Bertillon, of Paris, in his “*Annales de Démographie Internationale*,” gives some curious details on this subject, and Professor Morselli, the eminent Italian economist, endorses them as correct. Thrown into a tabular form the results of their inquiries are, that in every million of inhabitants, the increase in the number of suicides has been the following:—

returns enabled him to compare them, the following numbers committed suicide:—

Married men with children	205
Married men without children	470
Widowers with children	526
Widowers without children	1,004
Married women with children	45
Married women without children	158
Widows with children	104
Widows without children	238

Women cling to life much more strongly than men, and that under the most wretched conditions. A childless widow would appear to be far more desolate in the world than a widower similarly situated; yet she bears her loneliness better—doubtless from religious restraints, or from possessing a larger measure of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

It is a melancholy proof of the sadness of woman's lot in the East that the proportions of suicides are there reversed. In India more than double the number

of women put an end to themselves compared with men, and I have no doubt the same fact holds true of all countries in which polygamy prevails.

So familiar do women become with the suicidal mania in India that they put an end to themselves there on the smallest provocation. Two instances that came within my own experience in Oudh will illustrate this fact.

Rugber was a shopkeeper in the bazaar. He had married Nazi in the days of his poverty. They had labored together, and success had crowned their efforts. They were comfortable in circumstances; the labor of nine or ten years had not been without recompense. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Everything was happy and prosperous with them, till Rugber determined upon taking another wife. There was nothing contrary to the habits of his caste in doing this, he was merely exercising a common right; but Nazi resented it, and refused to live with him. He appealed to the courts. She had taken their children, and gone off to live with a sister in a village at some distance. The court decided that she must give up the children, and return to her husband. Every caste has its own laws and regulations, and Rugber had taken care to conform strictly to the customs of his caste in all that he had done. Nazi gave up the children in obedience to the command of the court, and appointed a day on which she was to return to Rugber's house. He was to come to meet her. He did come. She had left her sister's house two days before, and had not since been heard of. The usual method of committing suicide in India, particularly amongst the women, is to throw themselves into a deep well; I have no doubt Nazi did so. Search was made for her body, but without success; she doubtless went to a distance to make away with herself.

Every magistrate in India has had experience of cases of attempted suicide. Some poor, miserable woman, half-dead, to whom life, with its daily privations and ill-usage, had become intolerable, is taken up from the bottom of a well—a well, perhaps, with only a few feet of water in it—and brought by the police before the nearest magistrate. They are amongst the most painful cases upon which the magistrate has to pass a sentence.

But, as I have said, some of these women attempt to put an end to their existence on the smallest provocation. One case came before me in which the woman's son was playing at a little dis-

tance from her door when she had prepared dinner. She called her son to come and partake of the meal—he was about ten years of age. He paid no attention to her call; she called again, and got angry, but still he came not. Instead of taking a switch to chastise the boy for his disobedience, she sat down at the door and said solemnly to him: "My son, your dinner is ready, and I have called you twice; I now call you for the third time, and if you do not come I will throw myself into that well, and my death shall be on your head." But still he came not. She rose, and threw herself into the well. Then there was wild hurry and commotion in the village. She was got out alive, indeed, but bruised and cut. The police arrested her, and brought her up for judgment under a section of the penal code, which provides due punishment for attempted suicide—probably the only offence in any code, an attempt to commit which is penal, whilst the completed crime passes without legal punishment!

Almost all women, all over the East, put an end to themselves, when they desire to do so, by drowning; most frequently in a well, sometimes in a river. This practice extends from Arabia to Japan. In her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," Miss Bird writes:—

Suicide appears very common. When a young man and woman wish to marry, and the consent of the parents is refused, they often bind themselves together and drown themselves. This is such a frequent offence that the new code imposes penal servitude for ten years on people arrested in the commission of it. Women never hang themselves, but, as may be expected, suicide is more common amongst them than amongst men. An acute sense of shame, lovers' quarrels, cruelties practised upon *geishas* (professional singers and dancers) by their taskmasters, the loss of personal charms through age or illness, and even the dread of such loss, are the most usual causes. In these cases they usually go at night and, after having filled their capacious hanging sleeves with stones, jump into a river or a well. I have recently passed two wells which are at present disused in consequence of recent suicides.

How truly Bacon says that "there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death"! People have been known to put an end to themselves to escape the pain of toothache, and it was but the other day that a mining engineer, sent out from England to report on the gold-bearing districts of southern India, committed suicide in Calicut in order to free himself from a pain in his stomach!

The following advertisement appeared in *Le Petit Parisien* last month: "Suicidal. A young man, to whom life is a burden, has resolved to put an end to himself, but wishes to accomplish his death in the most advantageous manner possible. He places, therefore, the sacrifice of his life at the disposal of any person who, for a suitable sum, would wish to intrust him with an enterprise the issue of which would be necessarily fatal. This offer is very serious. Write to the initials K. R. V., 48, *Poste Restante*, Anvers." There is no punishment in the French code for attempt at suicide.

It is not many months since the French papers reported the case of a *bonne* in Marseilles, who wanted, during the severe frost, to go skating one day, as she had done on former occasions, with her master's daughter. But her master refused, and said they should both remain at home that afternoon. Next morning the *bonne* and her little mistress, who slept in the same room, were both found dead, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. A note was found on the table in the handwriting of the *bonne*—"You would not let us go out together yesterday. I have taken your daughter with me to a better world." Seeing that the daughter was fourteen years of age, it was rather hard of the *bonne* not to have asked her consent before carrying out this desperate measure of revenge.

Nor is it in France only that passion thus vents itself in the most dreadful crimes. A married woman at Mellenberge, in Hesse Cassel, last year had received an order, through the police, to bring her child, an infant of eight months old, to the public vaccinator, in order that it might be vaccinated. She refused. Another order was sent to her, admonishing her that she would render herself liable to fine and imprisonment if she neglected it. "The child and I will both die together rather than I shall have it vaccinated," said she. And she kept her word. Two days after, the lifeless bodies of both were found in the Fulda. She had murdered her child and taken her own life by drowning rather than obey the order.

Few have adopted a more original remedy for unrequited love than Carl Hassa, of Mecklenburgh. He had been from home for some time, and, on his return, found his brother engaged to his lady-love. She would have nothing more to do with Carl. "I will put an end to myself," said he at length to her, "if you treat me thus." She laughed, telling him, as she

tripped off, that she did not believe he had the courage to put an end to himself. The method he adopted was at once terrible and grotesque. He prepared a slow match, tied himself firmly and securely to a young horse on the farm, and then put the lighted match securely into the horse's ear. The poor animal, maddened with pain, rushed violently and frantically about the farm, dragging the unfortunate Carl after him. It must have been a terrible spectacle. At length, frenzied with the torture of the lighted match, the horse dashed into the adjoining river, where the water was deep and the current rapid. Both horse and man were found drowned there. I suppose the weight of the unhappy man had prevented the horse from saving himself by swimming. But so it was. Both of them perished in the War-now.

The Italian papers of November last report a tragedy that was recently enacted in Rome, somewhat similar to that of Romeo and Juliet, but in low life, in which two suicides resulted from inordinate grief. Moretti, a tailor by trade, was sent to prison on a charge of fraud. His sweetheart called upon the police-officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined. Urged thereto by the girl's mother, who did not favor the match, the police-officer replied that, in all probability, Moretti would be imprisoned for many years. Overwhelmed with grief, and driven thereby to despair, the poor girl put an end to herself by poison. A few days after, Moretti was discharged from custody, the accusation made against him having been proved false. He returned home to find his affianced bride a corpse. Frenzied at the sight he, too, destroyed himself. The lie worked out a double tragedy.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day, Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

The motive which led Marie Speiz, of Brunn, to put an end to herself was peculiar and original, although the method she adopted, simple drowning in the Danube, lacked the strangeness of that adopted by Carl Hassa. Marie Speiz was a retailer of sausages in the Krautmarkt. She was an orphan, but an orphan of portentous dimensions. Nor did she, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, rejoice in her superiority to the rest of mankind in size. In short, she was abnormally fat. It might have been constitutional. It might have been the sausages. But, whatever it was, she lost her life because Banting and his philosophy were equally unknown to her.

Her sister was the only relative that she had in Brunn. Marie left her native town, telling her sister that she had got service in the Kaiserstadt, in Vienna. But this was only a pretence. A few days after her departure, her sister got a letter from Marie through the post. "I can no longer endure it," wrote the poor girl. "Wherever I go, whatever I do, I am always laughed at on account of my corpulence (*Fetigkeit*). Nobody thinks of me except as an object of ridicule. I cannot endure it any longer, dear Gretchen. My body will be found in the Danube." And so it was, near Klosternenburg. There is something pathetic in the fate of poor Marie Speiz, and yet, if one were to write seriously about it, the reader would probably only laugh, as an unmannerly world in Brunn laughed poor Marie out of existence.

"Suicides increase annually in France, in number, according to certain fixed laws," says M. Brierre de Boismont, who particularly investigated four thousand five hundred and ninety-five cases, as set forth in the records of the police, supplemented by painstaking inquiries of his own. Amongst them were six hundred and ninety-seven persons of ample and independent fortune, two thousand who earned sufficient livelihoods by trades or professions, and two hundred and fifty-six persons in pecuniary difficulties. It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are more cases of suicide in England than in France; on the contrary, there are one hundred and ten cases in France to every sixty-nine which happen in England, although it is quite true that there are more in proportion in London than in Paris. Spain is the country in Europe in which fewest suicides occur, and it will hardly be argued that this results from the superior enlightenment of the Spanish.

M. Littré, a member of the Academy, a calm and thoughtful scholar, author of the best dictionary of the French language, deliberately states his opinion that suicide is justifiable, on the ground that "every man has a right to his moral liberty." M. Louis Blanc, too, a clear thinker, expresses the cold logical astonishment of a stoic at the fact that "there are people who at the same time forbid suicide and yet approve of capital punishments." But other Frenchmen, of equal celebrity and power of expression, repudiate such opinions, and Chateaubriand takes care to point out that "suicides are always most common in times of national corruption."

"In his 'Political Suicides in France, from 1789 to the Present Time,' M. A. des Etangs gives a surprising number of examples of statesmen who explained their reasons for choosing a voluntary death, many of them with wonderful lucidity and charm of style. Of these instances perhaps the most melancholy was that of M. Prévost-Paradol, who, after stultifying his most brilliant writings by accepting a post under the Second Empire,—that of minister at Washington,—could not apparently reconcile his own political apostasy to his conscience, and died by his own hand on the 19th of July, 1870. He died just as the Liberal cause, with which his name had always been associated, was on the point of triumphing.

In all countries, but particularly in France, suicides appear to belong to the class of epidemic diseases. It is enough for a single soldier to put an end to himself in barracks, either by firearms, the bayonet, the sword, or strangulation, and immediately the tragedy is repeated day by day, until the regiment is ordered off to new quarters, and the minds of the men are thus amused by fresh ideas, leading to the forgetfulness of the past. Travel appears to be one of the most certain cures for this species of epidemic.

That the tendency to suicide is hereditary is made very clear by the statistics of all countries. Persons of the same family have been known to kill themselves at the same age, in the same way, and in the same or similar places, as their fathers or grandfathers did. It is not easy to find a rational explanation for facts so strange and mysterious as these.

But let us return to the 4,595 cases investigated by M. Brierre de Boismont; he classifies them thus: 1,945 of the suicides were persons of good moral character, respected by their neighbors; 1,454 were bad or doubtful; and of the character and conduct of 1,196 he could not obtain reliable information. Self-destruction by cutting the throat, though rare in France comparatively, is more common than stabbing; opening the veins is less common than either. Suffocation by the fumes of charcoal, and destruction by throwing one's self from a height, such as the Napoleon Column in the Place Vendôme, or the column on the Place de la Bastille, in Paris, are much more frequent.

It is difficult to arrive at the causes of suicide, either in France or elsewhere. French doctors have observed that a malady known as *tedium vite*, "a myste-

rious melancholy," is apt to seize upon some of the lightest-hearted amongst them, about the age of thirty. Thus both men and women have been known to fix upon a certain date on which they mean to commit suicide, unless some special event happens. Meantime, the affair is dismissed from their thoughts. Sweethearts have been known to put an end to themselves together, after spending their last francs in a champagne supper, and parties of suicides have even been known to meet together, in order to die in each other's company.

A tendency to look at the dark side of things, encouragement of pessimism, has always a tendency to lead men to suicide, whilst an exaggerated optimism, in speculation, has a similar tendency. Extremes meet: and such extremes of thought prevail at one time in one country, at another time in another. History supplies us with many examples of ages when men appeared naturally to take refuge in self-destruction. Satiety, and consequent weariness of life, all the pleasures of which had been drained to the dregs, appear to have been the causes of the frequency of suicide amongst the luxurious nobles of Rome under the empire. "The door is always open," said Epictetus: indeed, it was only on condition of this door remaining always open that optimism was possible.

The melancholy and pessimism of the beginning of the present century were fertile in suicides—the students of "Werther," of "René," and of "Obermann," often availed themselves of the open door, whilst the authors of these treatises, Goethe, Chateaubriand, and Senancour lived to a good old age.

The Morgue, an old-established Parisian institution, well known to all Continental tourists, has been transplanted to the banks of the Spree. Paris has set an example to the other capitals in Europe, by collecting her casual dead in one central depot, accessible to the general public during certain fixed hours of the day. Berlin has been one of the first to follow this example. But, instead of putting it in a corner, Berlin has placed its Morgue in a beautiful garden belonging to the Veterinary College, where, surrounded by green trees and flowering shrubs, under the principal dissecting-room, there are a number of vaults. "No. 7, the Morgue" is painted on one of them. Five sloping counters are ranged side by side in this apartment, upon which the bodies of the unknown dead are placed when taken from

the black dead-cart. Snow-white linen coverments are wrapped round the bodies, and printed forms give particulars as to physical marks, sex, and apparent age and cause of death. The wardrobes of the deceased are displayed in the corner. The walls are clean with whitewash, the sloping counters are of a reddish brown, and a certain air of solemnity, if not of awe, pervades the room.

There can be little doubt that the majority of the inhabitants of this chamber have died by their own hands. Over three hundred people—men, women, and children—annually put an end to themselves in the capital of Germany. Throughout the kingdom of Prussia the practice of self-murder has increased so rapidly during the last ten years that the annual average has increased from thirteen in the hundred thousand, to seventeen. The population of Prussia is about twenty-six millions; forty-three hundred and thirty died by their own hands last year, of whom seven hundred and seventy-one were females.

An increase of thirty per cent. in the number of suicides in ten years is a serious matter for the reflection of the German authorities, and that, too, during a period of what ought to have been unexampled prosperity. The compulsory military service system certainly has something to do with it, for many men prefer to seek safety in a sudden and violent death rather than comply with its rigorous provisions. Nor is this all. In the service itself two hundred and twenty-five soldiers perished by their own hands. Of the seven hundred and three suicides entered in the official tables as "having been committed by reason of unknown motives," and one hundred and sixty-six attributed to "weariness of life," there can be little doubt that the great majority sought safety in death from the severity of the military system. A significant fact in connection with these returns is that only six females are entered under the same heading, "weariness of life."

One-fourth of the suicides in Prussia are attributed to insanity, of which a large proportion results from the abuse of alcohol. To the honor of German women let it be recorded that, whilst ninety-eight men are stated to have put an end to themselves in consequence of the excessive use of alcohol, only four women are included in the same category. Family troubles are stated to have led two hundred and nineteen Prussian men and women to shuffle off this mortal coil,

whilst jealousy and ill-fortune in love are credited with the deaths of one hundred and eight youths and seventy-three young women. Sorrow for the dead induced seventeen widowers and three widows to put an end to themselves, and yet we call the female the more emotional and sensitive sex! ought it not rather to be called the more sensible? Three hundred seventy-eight deaths by suicide, of whom one-fourth were of females, are attributed to "repentance, shame, and the stings of conscience;" and incurable diseases are said to have caused two hundred and eighty-eight to make away with themselves.

As to the method of suicide, unlike the French, the cord and strangulation were used in two-thirds of the whole number. One-fifth perished by drowning, and one-tenth by gunshot wounds, amongst whom were eight females. Seventy-six of both sexes cut their throats, twenty-one opened their veins and bled to death, forty-one threw themselves from great heights and seven strangled themselves with their own hands—a method of suicide impossible except to the strong and determined. It is surprising to hear of twenty-five octogenarians laying violent hands on themselves in one year. One would think that, as they had been able to endure life for so long, they might have been able to await the great enemy a few months or years more. The suicidal mania is more prevalent everywhere in summer than winter; of all of the professions there was but one in which the number of female suicides exceeded the male, and that was *literature*.

That suicides are annually increasing in number, in greater proportion than the population of the United States, appears to be proved by the statistical tables recently published. The population, however, is increasing so fast in the States that it is not easy to form accurate comparisons. One would think it ought not to be so—that is, in a country of promise, where food and labor are abundant, the suicidal frenzy ought to be diminishing annually, instead of increasing. It would be interesting to know what part religious monomania plays in these American suicides. But the statistics, unfortunately, are by no means carefully or accurately compiled. The Americans themselves attribute the number of suicides to their "high and fine nervous organization," so superior to anything to be found in Europe. This, however, ought to tell as much against, as in favour of,

suicidal attempts. The "high and fine nervous organization," if easily depressed, will easily recover and regain its tone. Excessive elation is as bad as excessive depression. There are many instances, well-authenticated, of joy causing insanity and subsequent self-destruction.

Undoubtedly changes of fortune are more common in the States than in Europe. Fortunes are more rapidly accumulated there, and more rapidly lost, by speculation. And, although the stronger natures overcome the feelings induced by these reverses, yet the weaker succumb. The excited forms which religion and "spiritualism" take in America have undoubtedly considerable influence on suicidal mania. The mind is unhinged, and mental disease leads to abnormal developments, just as in hysteria, although most commonly in women. When the mind has been unhinged and mental disease has set in, want of sleep supervenes. Sudden joy or sudden grief, when immoderate; too great tension or excitement of the nervous system; terror or despair,—all these prompt to suicide. Hereditary taint, without any of these predisposing causes, will have the same effect. If the causes be sudden and violent, the effects may be equally so. But if gradual and comparatively slow in their progress, then want of sleep usually plays an important part in the tragedy. Change of scene and foreign travel appear to be amongst the best antidotes.

WM. KNIGHTON.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

GEORGE ELIOT'S EARLY LIFE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

MANY inaccurate statements have been made respecting George Eliot's parentage and early life. Mr. Herbert Spencer has himself contradicted the long-current belief, to which a positive form had been given, that he had much to do with her training, and has testified that when his friendship with her began in 1851 she was "already distinguished by that breadth of culture and universality of power which have since made her known to all the world." In one quarter she has been described as the daughter of a "poor curate," and in another as the daughter of a "Dissenting minister." Her first literary efforts, and in particular her translation of Strauss's "*Leben Jesu*," have been represented as following her resi-

dence in London, and as the natural sequel to the associations and influences which from that time shaped her career. All these statements are alike erroneous.

Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff, near Nuneaton, on the 22nd of November, 1820. Her father, Robert Evans, was land-agent and surveyor to five estates in Warwickshire — those of Lord Aylesford, Lord Lifford, Mr. C. N. Newdegate, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, and Mrs. Gregory. In this capacity he was highly respected, and his reputation for trustworthiness may be said to have been proverbial. Mary Ann was the youngest of three children by a second marriage, Mr. Evans having also a son and daughter by his first wife. She was a remarkable child in many ways, thoughtful and earnest, and at the age of twelve might have been seen teaching in the Sunday school in a little cottage near her father's house. She received her first education at Miss Franklins' school in Coventry, and retained through life an affectionate remembrance of these teachers of her childhood, often speaking of her obligation to Miss Rebecca Franklin for much careful training. Her family resided at Griff until about her twentieth year, her mother having died when she was fifteen. It cannot be doubted — there is every evidence of the fact — that her girlish experiences in that prosaic country district were so many hoarded treasures in her retentive memory which, by means of her marvellous wit and insight into character, served to enrich her first three novels and her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Her letters of those days show a penetration, wit, and philosophical observation belonging rather to mature life, and they show also that her mind was deeply imbued with Evangelical sentiments. Her sisters and brothers having married, she lived alone with her father, who in 1841 removed from Griff to Foleshill, near Coventry.

In this somewhat more populous neighborhood she soon became known as a person of more than common interest, and, moreover, as a most devoted daughter and the excellent manager of her father's household. There was perhaps little at first sight which betokened genius in that quiet, gentle-mannered girl, with pale, grave face, naturally pensive in expression; and ordinary acquaintances regarded her chiefly for the kindness and sympathy that were never wanting to any. But to those with whom, by some unspoken affinity, her soul could expand, her expressive grey eyes would light up

with intense meaning and humor, and the low, sweet voice, with its peculiar mannerism of speaking — which, by-the-way, wore off in after years — would give utterance to thoughts so rich and singular that converse with Miss Evans, even in those days, made speech with other people seem flat and common. Miss Evans was an exemplification of the fact that a great genius is not an exceptional, capricious product of nature, but a thing of slow, laborious growth, the fruit of industry and the general culture of the faculties. At Foleshill, with ample means and leisure, her real education began. She took lessons in Greek and Latin from the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, then head master of the Coventry Grammar School, and she acquired French, German, and Italian from Signor Brezzi. An acquaintance with Hebrew was the result of her own unaided efforts. From Mr. Simms, the veteran organist of St. Michael's, Coventry, she received lessons in music, although it was her own fine musical sense which made her in after years an admirable pianoforte player. Nothing once learned escaped her marvellous memory; and her keen sympathy with all human feelings, in which lay the secret of her power of discriminating character, caused a constant fund of knowledge to flow into her treasure-house from the social world about her. Among the intimate friends whom she made in Coventry were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray — both well known in literary circles. In Mr. Bray's family she found sympathy with her ardent love of knowledge and with the more enlightened views that had begun to supplant those under which (as she described it) her spirit had been grievously burdened. Emerson, Froude, George Combe, Robert Mackay, and many other men of mark, were at various times guests at Mr. Bray's house at Rosehill while Miss Evans was there either as inmate or occasional visitor; and many a time might have been seen, pacing up and down the lawn, or grouped under an old acacia, men of thought and research, discussing all things in heaven and earth, and listening with marked attention when one gentle woman's voice was heard to utter what they were quite sure had been well matured before the lips opened. Few, if any, could feel themselves her superior in general intelligence, and it was amusing one day to see the amazement of a certain doctor, who, venturing on a quotation from Epictetus to an unassuming young lady, was, with modest politeness, corrected in his

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Greek by his feminine auditor. One rare characteristic belonged to her which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation. She had no petty egotism, no spirit of contradiction: she never talked for effect. A happy thought well expressed filled her with delight; in a moment she would seize the point and improve upon it—so that common people began to feel themselves wise in her presence, and perhaps years after she would remind them, to their pride and surprise, of the good things they had said.

It was during her residence in Foleshill, almost within a stone's throw of the quaint old city of Coventry, that she translated the "*Leben Jesu*." This work she undertook at the instigation of Mrs. Bray's brother, the late Charles Hennell, a writer now remembered only by the few, but whose "Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity" (1838) was recognized in England and Germany as a signal service to the cause of Liberal thought. The labor of rendering Strauss's masterpiece into clear, idiomatic English was by no means light, and her intimate friends of that time well remember the strain it entailed upon her. She completed her task (1846) in scarcely more than a year, and had the satisfaction of being complimented by Strauss upon the success that had attended her efforts. Such an undertaking by a young woman of twenty-five may certainly be ranked among the marvels of literature; its real significance will be best appreciated by those who know not only English and German but much more besides.

Miss Evans's father died in 1849, and in the summer of that year she accompanied her friends the Brays on a Continental tour, and by her own choice was left behind at Geneva, where she stayed till the following spring. On her return to England she made her home with the same family until 1851, when she was persuaded by Dr. Chapman to take up her residence in the Strand and assist him in the conduct of the *Westminster Review*. Thus ended her connection with her native county, to which, however, she afterwards paid many visits.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

AN APOSTLE OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

"SHE would have been a great saint if she had only been turned the right way."

Such was the verdict of the Sister Superior of St. Lazare on Louise Michel before she went to New Caledonia; and the sister was right. Louise Michel is a saint who has lost her way. She has all the fervor, the enthusiasm, and the unhesitating self-sacrifice of the greatest of the saints of the Church. She is one of the saints of the social revolution—a *pétroleuse* of the *pétroleuses*. Although she proclaims herself the ally of all those who with spade, mine, or fire attack the cursed edifice of our old society, she is personally irrefragable: her bitterest enemies have never charged against her any private offences against the social laws. She is one of the remarkable women of Paris—and in some respects she is the most interesting of the trio. Sarah Bernhardt is one, Mme. Adam is the other, and Louise Michel is the third. Sarah Bernhardt is the queen of the stage, Mme. Adam of the *salon*, and Louise Michel finds her throne among the suffering and discontented poor. So say her votaries.

Louise Michel was born half a century since in a humble home in the department of the Marne. Her mother was a farmyard maid at the château of a noble family; and Louise, when a child, was the pet and plaything of the ladies of the château. She received a good education, and being frequently at the château she acquired a cultivated taste and a few accomplishments. She excelled in gardening, and became learned in all the simple lore of country life. Her intelligence so impressed the son of the owner of the château that during his vacations he amused himself by teaching the little Louise to write rhymes and French composition. Her rhymes, it is said, were excellent, and she has never lost the art of versifying; but of late years the effusions of her lyre have been veritable poems of a *pétroleuse*—sanguinary invocations of social revolution. Not in that strain did she write when as a simple peasant girl she first essayed to express herself in prose and verse; nor could any one have dreamed that the intelligent little damsel with the well-kept flower-bed and attractive manners would ever develop into the mænad whose passionate diatribes stir the blood of the fierce democracy of Belleville and Montmartre. It is said that she was peculiarly distinguished for her proficiency in religious knowledge, and she took the best position in the catechism class. How or when she became dissatisfied with her tranquil provincial life is not stated; but one fine day an

uncontrollable desire to leave the dull shade of the silent château took possession of the young lady, then apparently in her teens, and, packing her wardrobe in a parcel, she started for Paris. On arriving at the capital she was befriended by the family at whose house she had been reared, and they secured for her a situation as assistant mistress in a school at Montmartre. There she taught for many years, retaining her position in fact until the Communal rising in 1871.

Of her life during all these years there is no record. She labored at her vocation in silence and in sorrow, brooding much over the miseries of the world, and meditating gloomily over a social system which crushed almost out of all semblance of humanity the miserable wretches who crowded the slums and alleys of the lowest quarter of Paris. A woman of marvellous will and extraordinary strength of character, with intense sympathies and a spirit that flamed with unquenchable indignation against all the oppression and injustice and hypocrisy of this evil world, she appears to have rid herself of the last vestige of the faith in which she was reared and to have embraced in its stead with all the passionate ardor of her nature the gospel of the social revolution. Hence, when the Commune revolted against Versailles, Louise Michel hailed the insurrection as the dawn of a new and a better day. Woman though she was, she joined the ranks of the insurgents, and fought with many other women who were prompt to follow her leading against the hated Versailles. In the streets and at the council table she was ever at the front; and when the Commune fell, it was Louise Michel who distributed cans of petroleum to those who were willing to make a funeral pyre of the capital which witnessed its fall. So at least it is said. There is less doubt about the part which she played in defending the heights of Montmartre. When the insurgents turned to fly, Louise Michel taunted them as cowards, and, hastening to the cannon, fired round after round upon the advancing troops, until at last, standing alone by her guns, she was made prisoner by the Versailles. The great stroke had failed. Versailles had triumphed; the social revolution was drowned in blood. Louise was tried by court-martial and condemned to death. While awaiting trial her conduct was exemplary. She was obedient, docile, silent, and respectful. But when, in consideration of her sex, and of the motherly care which she had shown to the

poor, deserted children of Montmartre, even during the worst agonies of the second siege, the sentence was commuted to transportation to New Caledonia, she lost her self-control and burst out into a passionate imprecation upon the court which denied her even the right to die. She declared she would not accept her reprieve, and despatched an indignant epistle to the court demanding that they should recognize her right to be shot like a man. As they turned a deaf ear to her pleadings, she poured out her soul in a passionate letter to Victor Hugo — "My poet and my master" — imploring him to save her from the disgrace of being reprieved like a woman after she had so heroically earned the right to be shot like a man. Victor Hugo could do nothing, and in due time Louise was removed to the prison of Aubernie, pending her transportation to the South Seas. She appears to have subdued her fury at being condemned to live, and to have accepted the reprieve as a sign that there was still work for her to do. When the sister superior went to bid her farewell, she was startled by the light of triumph that gleamed in Louise's eye. "I shall come back," she said. "You will see us all back again soon; we shall do better next time." "How absurd!" said the sister; "the Commune is utterly crushed, and you are going to the antipodes for life." "You are mistaken," replied the pétroleuse; "*au revoir, ma sœur*. When the fires are lighted again in Paris I will be a friend to you."

On the long and weary voyage to New Caledonia Louise Michel showed herself a ministering angel to the poor wretches who were sent out with her in the ship. She taught them to read and write. She instructed them in morality. In sickness she was their nurse, in trouble their comforter. In the penal settlements, as in the prison, her conduct was irreproachable. She worked and waited, biding her time. When at last she was amnestied, she refused to leave Noumea unless her fellow-exiles were released. It is no wonder that such a woman should have been received with almost royal honors on her return to Paris by the population of Montmartre. Nor is it strange that her meetings are crowded, and that the vehemence of her invectives is occasioning some uneasiness to the government. Fierce and uncompromising, with a spirit unbroken by suffering and a faith unquenched by defeat, she ceases not day and night to lift up her voice in prophecy that the triumph of the people is at hand.